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Gongora
— Church

POEMS ADDRESSED TO BISHOPS.

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PROLOGUE TO DIEGO DE MARDONES,

BISHOP OF CORDOVA.

This little Poem is a *Loa* or Prologue to a Play acted before the old Bishop by his Pages and other schoolboys of Cordova. Of Diego de Mardones, see Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 20. Davila confirms Gongora's praise of his munificence; Hist. Phil. III. p. 248. It is also confirmed by many later authorities. He died at the great age of 94, in the year 1624. Ponz, Viage de España, tom. xvii. 5.

Of Barbadillo, mentioned in the eighth stanza, see a Note at the end.

Gentles, I come not to aver,
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear;
  In Spanish hall and home
Our simple sock and stage-plays rude
Take not the stately prologue's mood
  Of Athens or of Rome.

But with no doubtful voice I claim
One of the thousand trumps of Fame;
For hither on her flight
That monster-bird, all eyes and plumes,
In shadow or in substance comes,
To grace our show to-night.

Nay, but her noise discordant were
To reverend Wisdom's modest ear;
More meet were gentle lays,
Whate'er to grateful poet's lyre
The polish'd muse may best inspire,
To sing our patron's praise.

The charms of flattery come not near
To sacred wisdom's guarded ear,
Nor move a soul, whose aim
Is to exalt the prelate's worth,
And with good deeds revive on earth
His saintly patriarch's name.

Bright honour of thy native Spain,
O pardon or endure the strain,
Unworthy though it be;
A kinsman poor the truth would say,
And asks his portion in the lay,
That seeks to honour thee.

For he is one, who in thy name
A lowly kinsman's part may claim
  Within the ancestral hall,
Far in its old glen, like a nest
Brightening the lordly mountain's breast,
  Where deepest shadows fall.

O suffer, if my humble song
Awhile such tedious theme prolong,
  To make thy virtue known,
How nobly born, how e'en in youth
The reverend grace of gray-hair'd truth
  In all thy converse shone.

Thy youth devout affection bade
To walk with friars in cloister'd shade,
  The sable frock to wear:—
Poor Barbadillo finds at last,
His merry gibes and pastimes past,
  An honour'd refuge there.

How, when the doctor's hood was thine,
Didst thou discourse of truth divine
  In pulpit or in school!
Honours beyond thy wish or thought
By thee were found, unprized, unsought,
  Whose guide was duty's rule.

But, as the bushel may not hide
The torch for beacon-light supplied,
And as on mountain-height
The city fair still meets the view,
Thy fame at length upon thee drew
The Duke's admiring sight.

Thy silvery locks, like autumn flowers
That deck some temple's timeworn towers,
He saw, and knelt to thee,
To ask absolving grace; as hart
Seeks, wounded by fierce hunter's dart,
The healing dittany.

And, led by holy jealous care,
The royal Philip next would share
That ministry of love;
And seem'd, his sins to thee confess'd,
The wide world's burden, east and west,
To lighten or remove.

Three years his conscience gave the key
Of all his spirit's griefs to thee;
And well thy prudence gave
By turns the lore of love or fear,
Of Justice holy as severe,
And Mercy mild to save.

Well proved in years, and many a task,
Whose weight a giant's strength might ask,
A prelate art thou now
In Cordova's uncourtly town,
When fitter were Rome's threefold crown
To gird thy reverend brow.

Thy piety, approved of Heaven,
Hath here full many a token given;
And many a wondering eye
Hath gazed on Burgos' cloister'd wall,
And convent fair of good St. Paul,
By thee uprear'd on high.

And here the palace-halls might well
Find voice thy bounty's praise to tell
In tongues of during stone:
And the fair church thy cost hath deck'd,
Where grateful memory shall protect
Thy dust, when thou art gone.

All these might speak: but, wave on wave,
Those alms-deeds, which thy mercy gave,
Come rolling silently;
What sum may tell aright their cost?
My skill its sounding-line hath lost
In that unfathom'd sea.

Therefore I cease: but, while I prate,
Too long these young Comedians wait
In pain of modest fear:
From studies more severe to-day
Beguiling Time with simple play,
They ask your grace to hear.

TO ANTONIO VENEGAS,

BISHOP OF JAEN, AND AFTERWARDS OF SIGUENZA.

I. THE BISHOP INVITED TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

(See Notes at the end.)

Good Prelate, great as good, of virtue rare,
Whom sacred Wisdom in life's early morn
Led on, and bless'd with honours, meekly borne,
And bade her herald Fame thy praise declare;
Thy pastoral staff henceforth new flowers shall bear:
The doctor's fur thy worth did first adorn,
The bishop's purple next; the mitre worn
So mildly, the tiara thou shalt wear.
'Tis in the scroll of Fate: no voice profane
Foretells it, like the god's from Delphic cell,
With riddling flattery: Reason prompts the strain:
And Guadalquivir loves the strain so well,
He sends from all his forests, gladly vain,
His bulls, which masquing Moors for thee shall quell.

TO SANCHO DAVILA, BISHOP OF JAEN.

II. THE BISHOP'S LIBRARY.

Shepherd of men, who, young in years, dost guide
Thy flock, the charge ordain'd thee of thy God,
More with thy pastoral call, than staff or rod,
Most with thy life in saintly virtue tried :
Let others sing thy name's ancestral pride ;
But for thy holy home if bard be found,
Let him not come with earth's poor laurels crown'd,
But with heaven's light adorn'd and purified.
It is the warriors' tent, where soldiers brave,
With victory blest, in golden slumbers lie,
To wake to songs and palms at dawn of day :
Mute choirs are there, that live in wondrous grave ;
Angels with folded wing stand silent by,
While souls for heaven prepare their new array.

TO ANTONIO VENEGAS,

NOW BISHOP OF PAMPLONA.

III. THE BISHOP'S PALACE-GARDEN.

Amidst this pleasant place of fruits and flowers
Dame Silence might have reared her solemn hall,
Save that we hear the leaping waterfall,
And nightingale's soft song, from leafy bowers:
It is a refuge, where in calmest hours
Sweet Quiet walks unseen: no voice of brawl
Comes near, nor Care's pale spectre may appal
The tenants of these shades and humble towers.
Here breathe the rosy blooms of earliest May,
Sweetening the Pastor's rest, who, nobly born,
Shines forth ennobled more by Wisdom's light:
Go, stranger, soothe thy senses, cheer thy sight
In garden or in grove; nor proudly scorn
The tribute of thy wondering joy to pay.

TO NIÑO DE GUEVARA,

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

IV. THE BISHOP'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

Pilgrim, whose feet these arching chambers tread,
If wonder move thee, pause, nor haste to pass;
Gaze on these windows fair with storied glass,
Gaze on the painted forms of saints long dead,
And bless the limner's skill, inspired to spread
The canvass with their image. Thebes is here,
And Abyssinia bids her sons appear,
Hermits, by love divine to desert led.
No further roam: thy vows may here find rest
With them, for whom our Prelate's zeal hath rear'd
This princely hall, and with the pilots blest,
Who once the guarded barque of Peter steer'd.
Hope breathes round those pale forms and vestures torn,
More sweet than evening gales from spicy thorn.

See Note.

SONNETS
TO THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF AYAMONTE.

I. TO THE MARQUIS OF AYAMONTE.

Tall forest, rear'd with trees that stem the main,
Whose leaves are fluttering canvass, ill at rest,
Long flying bridge, that linkest to old Spain
The far off regions of the new found west:
To-morrow's dawn shall cheer thee with a guest
Of fair and princely form, of worth untold,
Not like the queen by Grecian fables dress'd,
Who left her victory's prize for fruits of gold;
But generous consort of the leader bold,
Bound to the golden realm by Cortes won:
What valour gain'd, long may mild prudence hold!
Peace lull the waves; soft breezes waft them on!
Peace bless their sway with plenty's bounteous horn,
And bid new empires rise, new worlds be born!

II. TO THE MARCHIONESS OF AYAMONTE, WITH SOME BEZOAR STONES.

Fair crown of Ayamonte, bright as day,
These stones, of wondrous birth, from eastern ground,
The sick one's gift of healing to the sound,
I fling to thee;—an open part I play,
A Cordovese, but not a runaway.
Fain would the dumb hard stones, if voice they found,
Speak the light service of a faith profound,
The duty, which my Muse would ever pay.
Then let them stand a piled memorial fair
Of your true power, and my true homage done,
A humble tribute, which may witness bear,
Instead of worthier gift. For, journeying on,
I pass your shrine, and lay my offering there,
As travellers do at Mercury's wayside-stone.

See Note.

III. TO THE POETS OF THE HOUSE OF AYAMONTE.

Ye swans of Guadiana, when I came
To your fair banks, and pleasant company,
I heard such strains, their witching melody
Might soften rocks, and make wild serpents tame:
O ne'er my lowly Muse had sought to claim
Such soothing strains: her votive offering free
She brought to Spain's bright lord of poesy,
Bright as the day-god, lord of verse and flame.
Be jests the sport of song, its life be truth:
If ye for noble Ayamonte's brow
Twine garlands meet to grace his polish'd lays;
Then Helicon shall flower anew in youth
To deck your style, and bid its founts that flow,
Sparkling with joy, add music to your praise.

LITERARY SONNETS.

I. TO DR. LEWIS BAVIA, ON HIS ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

This offering to the world by Bavia brought
Is poesy, by numbers unconfined;
Such order guides the master's march of mind,
Such skill refines the rich-drawn ore of thought:
The style, the matter, gray Experience taught,
Art's rules adorn'd what metre might not bind:
The tale hath baffled Time, that thief unkind,
And from Oblivion's bonds with toil hath bought
Three helmsmen of the sacred barque: the pen,
That so these heavenly wardens doth enhance,—
No pen, but rather key of Fame's proud dome,
Opening her everduring doors to men,—
Is no poor drudge recording things of chance,
Which paints her shadowy forms on tumbling foam.

See the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 144.

II. TO THOMAS TAMAYO DE VARGAS.

ON GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

Vargas, from whose ancestral turrets old,
High-built in walls of proud imperial sway,
We gaze, where Tagus, lingering on his way,
Paints the gay meads, and bathes his sands with gold:
Take down, and rescue from oblivion cold,
Where silently they hang on laurel spray,
The pipe and harp, once vocal to the lay
Of poor Salicio, courteous, true, and bold.
Take them,—thy skill can do the gifts no wrong,—
To thy melodious lips, and well-stored breast,
While summer winds in ocean caves are mute;
Right heir to our Castillian prince of song,
Whom after death immortal fame hath bless'd,
In birth-place, and in craft, in pipe or lute.

See Note.

III. TO QUEVEDO.

Spanish Anacreon, those, who read thee true,
Will own, thy sprightly wit, that flows so free,
Though rough as tartar-cream the lees may be,
Is sweet as syrup steep'd with honey-dew.
We grant,—what Lope does thou canst not do,
Thou art no such Bellerophon as he,

Who spurs his Pegasus o'er land and sea
Through scenes, which classic Terence never knew.
Thy spectacles declare, with what nice heed
They'll make the Greek talk Spanish,—bless the mark!
A tongue thy naked eye-sight ne'er could read:
Lend them to my blind eye; though no great clerk,
I'll make the dull lines bright; and we may speed,
Like Love or Fortune shooting in the dark.

See Note.

IV. ON LOPE DE VEGA'S DRAGONTEA.

This tale of England's Fire-Drake, serpent's brood,
Bred in our Vega's flowers, in grove or glade,
Most teeming soil by Tayo's golden flood,
Heedful I took, and in my bosom laid.
What shall I say? A thundering noise it made,
But feebly flash'd:—my keen eyes felt no wound:
With flaunting sails, it lack'd good pilot's aid;
The gay young colt no mastering rein had found.
Well fare the Muse, how sweet so e'er of sound,
Whose skill beyond its childhood cannot grow,
Lisping like babe, with long-clothes girdled round.
Thou power, whose glories paint this world below,
Break my dull sloth, and bid me sing and shine
With harmonies of golden light like thine.

See Note.

V. TO THE ADMIRERS OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Dear Geese, whose haunt is where weak waters flow
From rude Castillian well-head, cheap supply,
That keeps your flowery Vega never dry,
True Vega, smooth, but somewhat flat and low:
Go, dabble, play, and cackle as ye go
Down that old stream of gray antiquity;
And blame the waves of nobler harmony,
Where birds, whose gentle grace you cannot know,
Are sailing. Attic wit and Roman skill
Are theirs; no swans that die in feeble song,
But nursed to life by Heliconian rill,
Where Wisdom breathes in Music. Cease your wrong,
Flock of the troubled pool: your vain endeavour
Will doom you else to duck and dive for ever.

FAREWELL TO MADRID.

Ill fare the man, who worships lords at Court,
And in Madrid spends coin in reckless sort,
Sold up by duns at last, to end his sport.

Ye soothing streams, that through my garden play,—
I speak amiss to call you soothing,—nay,
Unlike to Flattery's soothing, clear as day,—

Heaven speed me hence, to see you once again:
Ye are not deaf or mute; your waves complain
In murmuring voices answering to my pain:

And I have much to tell you. Let the vale,
Though summer-eve be past, and song-birds fail,
Yet keep for me the plaintive nightingale.

And ne'er could courtly choir delight me more,
Than, voice surpassing mellow lutes, the roar
Of water-breaks beside your bright green shore.

Let birds suffice for other habitants;
For their sweet song, though measured skill it wants,
Is truest to the accord of Nature's chaunts.

Their plumy throng, unless my fancy stray,
Their commonwealth beneath the greenwood spray,
Hath poets of its own, both grave and gay:

And Philomel, whose notes my sense enthral,
Hath language, in each swell and dying fall,
More soft than breathes in artful Madrigal:

Marvel of sweetness! that with force so strong
Doth charm the winds to waft her notes along,
At once musician, instrument, and song!

But whither have I stray'd? Again ye smile
At my fond lays, sweet streams; who oft erewhile
With laughing flow have mock'd my simple style.

Still o'er your pebbly bed run laughing by
At my vain boast, who thought with eagle's eye
The secrets of the Court's abyss to spy;

And my poor ink abused, alas! the taint!
Those heartless feasts with slavering praise to paint,
As good as honouring Judas for a saint.

On Manzanares' banks my songs had told
Each chaste and fair one whom its rills behold;
But the chill night-air struck my voice with cold.

In short, base Flattery, Falsehood dark and dire,
Those new-found sisters of the Aonian choir,
Have burst the strings of my misgovern'd lyre:

And what avails it now, to have it told,
The tuneful shell, ignobly mute and cold,
Had ivory pedals once, and frets of gold?

Its voice is dry, like proud Madrid's poor river:
But now a silver bridge,—Heaven bless the giver!
I've found, my Muse from bondage to deliver.

No more of this:—'twere vain with grief to fume;
Let every humour live; the world has room:
But let me strip the daws in peacock's plume;

And thou, henceforward, bright-eyed Truth, shalt be
My guide and lodestar: 'scaped from Guile's false sea
I'll consecrate my wreck of life to thee.

Let Adulation still find dupes to hear
Her glosing; let gay Hope, and gloomy Fear,
Masque it by turns in Fortune's theatre.

For I have found the port for refuge made,
The shelter from life's heat and storm, the shade
Beneath the fragrant boughs that never fade;

Whose bloom is brightest in the vernal year,
Each flower of golden fruit fair harbinger,
Orange, or citron, luscious, or austere.

There shall I find, by your glad water's sound,
Pure blameless rest, and careless sleep profound;
If hence I once escape alive on ground,

Battered and bruised by lawyer's formal phrase,
Ground down by drudging clerks, whose dull delays
Have worn me like a hack in miller's maze.

O blest the man, whose choice hath left untried
Those wrangling courts, which noise and discord guide;
Or taught the skill to turn their quirks aside;

Taught by plain truth great servitude to hate,
That courtly worm, that winds with serpent gait,
Or toils with crablike motion, never straight.

O pledge of peace divine, sweet solitude,
What though thy dwelling be with peasants rude,
Deep hid in echoing dells, or silent wood;

Sweet respite to hard town-life, hardly won,
Rest to my wits, if they are yet my own,
Not all through hot Ambition's limbeck flown;

The man, who other love to thine prefers,
O bid me take him for my mule; the curse
Of that foul fault shall goad him more than spurs.

Be gems the crown of kings, their robes of gold;
Their costly treasures, as their cares, untold.
The wise man seeks a middle state to hold

Between the shepherd-swain, and lord of men;
When duty calls, he seeks the mart, and then
His orchard-ground, and fountain-shade again.

From covert-nook, where bright the dewdrop lies,
He scans each ripening tree with silent eyes,
Each fruitful bough he summons to assize;

Or, slinging round his neck his trim guitar,
He sits, and sings old songs from bar to bar,
The Cid's brave triumphs, and Valencia's war.

But, for the news from town, too dear the cost
For him of Court Gazette or Flying Post,
That tell of titles given, or titles lost.

He prizes not at one poor farthing's worth
The tale, what statists rule this peopled earth,
Or how my Lady Magnet weds Lord North.

The margin of his fountain crystalline,
Earth's freshest floor, inlaid with emeralds fine,
Doth all the wealth of princely boards outshine.

There is his unbought table furnish'd; there
The mellow pippin, and the full-juiced pear
Served to his lips, that ask no costlier fare.

Let Gluttony delight in empty toys
Of golden dishes piled, distemper'd joys
Of full-crown'd cups, and bacchanalian noise.

But soft,—my trusty mule is at the door:
Good Dapple, bear me safe: I ask no more.

II. BALLADS AND ROMANCES.

THE PORT OF REFUGE.

Three Corsairs from Algier
Came flying o'er the sea,
As though the Wind their father were,
And these his children three:

And, darting through the brine,
The pirates' hunted prey,
A Genoese swift brigantine
Before them fled away.

A prize of noble worth
That flying vessel bore,
Sent in our Viceroy's convoy forth
To Naples' sunny shore.

It was a knight of Spain
From Leon's town and tower,
And with him maiden daughters twain,
A bud, and opening flower;

From Leon's mountain-seat,
The garden where they grew :—
When, parting wide the gallant fleet,
The thwarting tempest blew ;

And worse than storm that howl'd
From Afric's capes afar,
Morat, the renegado, prowl'd,
Foul hawk of pirate war ;

Calabrian harpy rude,
The rifler fierce and fell,
Who fain in Spanish egret's blood
Would dye his beak and bell.

On sounding wings he flew ;
But, ere the chase had closed,
The storm with slackening gale withdrew,
And Mercy interposed.

To low Denia's bay
They sail'd, to port and tower,
Pride of a Marquess yesterday,
Now graced with Ducal power.

A glance the warder cast,
And spied far off from shore
The crescent on the Moorish mast,
The cross the Christians bore.

The fort its cannon fired;
Dark vapours fill'd the skies;
The baffled Corsair warn'd retired,
The port received his prize.

The port's broad arms between,
Forespent with eager joy,
The tempest-shatter'd brigantine
Breathed free from past annoy.

The grateful Leonese
With garlands wreathed his brow,
And glad at heart in words like these
To Heaven pour'd forth his vow:

"O port and temple blest,
Safe home from wayward sea,
Which Time must whelm, ere souls distress'd
Shall cease to fly to thee:

"Strong fort, of miscreant Moors
The terror and disdain;
Firm shield, and sword of royal force
Right judgment to maintain:

"Long live thy princely halls
Their titled lord to greet;
Low as the waves that bathe thy walls,
May Envy kiss his feet!

"And lasting be the grace
He from our King hath won;
For well hath merit held the place
In favour first begun!

"Such service Honour gives:
Then, while in Mantuan lays
The praise of good Achates lives,
Live faithful Lerma's praise!"

THE CORSAIR'S CAPTIVE.

Bound in bonds of toil and sorrow,
Where the Turkish corsair lay,
Gazing on the ruddy morrow
O'er Marbella's sparkling bay;

Wearily his pale eye straining
To the far-off sunbright shore,
Dragut's captive mourn'd complaining
To the sound of chain and oar:

"Sun of sacred Spain, whose waters
Now in peace unruffled flow,
Heedless of the wreck of slaughters
Heap'd in weltering depths below;

"Since thy tide's resistless power
Bears thee to each shore and strand,
To each rockbuilt town and tower
Fencing round my native land:

"Hast thou seen, where, doom'd to languish,
Dwells the maid I love so well?
Are they true, those tears of anguish,
Which to me her letters tell?

"For if tears from heart so tender
Have enrich'd thy watery store,
Thy bright sands must pass in splendour
India's seas and pearly shore.

"Tell me, waves of sacred glory,
Grant the boon my sorrow craves;
For renown'd in ancient story
Are the voices of the waves.

"Vainly do I ask: she lives not;
Else the depth would answer give:
Voice or token since it gives not,
She hath perish'd, yet I live:

"If 'tis life, to toil despairing,
Bondman to a stranger's will,
Ten long years of thraldom, wearing
Chains that pain, yet fail to kill.

"Freedom now no hope can waken;
Love no more a joy supply:
Yet I breathe, of Death forsaken;
For the wretched cannot die."

Here he paused, in distance eying,
O'er the waters far away,
Six tall sails, whose ensigns flying
Did the banner'd Cross display;

As they came in beauty riding,
Terror seized the roving Moor,
And he spoke in anger chiding,
"Slave, more strongly ply thine oar."

PEDRO THE CRUEL AND THE PRIOR OF ST. JOHN'S.

Don Diego of Padilla,—Heaven forgive him now he's dead!—
Led apart the King Don Pedro, and in secret guise he said:
"In Consuegra stands a castle; fairer ne'er was raised with stones;
Fitter 'twere the king should hold it, than the Prior of St. John's.
Bid the Prior, good king, to supper; let him find, ere night be gone,
Such a feast as king Alfonso gave at Toro to Don John:
When the Prior,—he's worth no pity,—shorter by the head shall be,
If the castle want a tenant, grant the fief, dread lord, to me."
While these twain stood thus at council, lo! the simple Prior drew near;
"Heaven," he said, "preserve your Highness long the royal crown to wear!"

"Welcome, gentle Prior, O welcome: tell the truth, good sir, to me;
That same Castle of Consuegra,—tell me whose the place may be."
"Yours, my liege, both town and castle; yours they are by sovereign right."
"Then, good Prior, be here to supper; you shall be my guest to night."
"I attend my sovereign's pleasure, and with right good will shall come:
But another charge now waits me; monks, who seek with me a home,
Here as strangers need a lodging: let me to their comfort see."
"Granted in Heaven's name, good Prior; but be sure you sup with me."
First the Prior would seek the kitchen: for his trusty cook was there,
Brought to guard his master's eating;—men may die of poison'd fare:—
Like a comrade he bespoke him; none his purpose guess'd but he:
"Friend, since friends have all in common, change awhile your dress with me.
Thus attired, at cool of even, ere the summer sun go down,
You may lounge with lords and ladies through the walks of this fair town."

Then the Prior alone in stable sought his mule oft tried at need:
"Good gray mule, once more to aid me thou must prove thy best of speed:
Thrice my life thy help has rescued: if thy course this night thou hold,
Thy brave hoofs, for steel too noble, shall be shod with beaten gold."
On her back he threw the saddle, drew the girths with silent haste,
And, as evening shades were closing, on his lonely road he past.
When he came to Azoguejo, market good for corn and hay,
As the provender she scented, loudly did the gray mule bray.
But her master could not tarry: on he rode; his mule so fleet,
As the midnight cocks were crowing, pass'd Toledo's bridge and street.
Ere the cock again was crowing, while the dawn was yet in gloom,
To the Castle of Consuegra weary man and beast had come.
There he found his guards all watching: "Guards" he said, "in whose true hands
Rests Consuegra keep and castle, tell me who the place commands."

"Town and castle own one master: street or turret, walls and stones,
And the men that dwell within them, are the Prior's of St. John's."
Glad at heart the weary Prior did his vassals' answer hear:
"Then unbar the gates, my children: for behold your lord is here."
When the warders saw their master, peering out with jealous care,
Softly they let down the draw-bridge, holding still the gates ajar.
"Take my mule," the Prior commanded; "treat her well, I charge you all:
But for her no more your master had regained Consuegra's hall.
Treat her well: and for the watching, leave that care for once to me;
I will keep the lantern-chamber, till the adventure's end I see.
I will watch; and watch, my warders: wrath and treachery, arm'd with death,
Fain would pay with traitors' guerdon those true hearts that keep their faith."
Scarce these words the Prior had ended, lo! the king, good man, drew near:
When he saw the place well guarded, how he question'd you shall hear:

"Tell me, warders of the castle,—Heaven requite your faithful care!—
Tell me whose you call this fortress, whose it is, and whose ye are."
"Town and castle own one master: street or turret, walls and stones,
And the men that dwell within them, are the Prior's of St. John's."
"Then unbar the gates, my vassals: for behold, your lord am I."
"Stand apart, good king, we charge you: royal lips should scorn to lie.
Stand apart; the Prior is with us: home he came ere dawn of day."
"May the glanders choke his mule then, mule with coat of silver-gray!
Seven good steeds that beast has cost me; 'tis the eighth I now bestride;
Seven relays! and yet I could not catch the Prior on his night-ride.
Yet, good Prior, your word can bid them open to their lord and yours;
'Tis no more than right to pay me for my pains of boots and spurs.
By my crown I swear, I never harm will do to thine or thee."
"My good king, I know thou wilt not: for the game rests now with me."

Don Gomez Perez de Porras, Prior of St. John's, is said to have been in command of Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, when it was besieged by the king of Arragon about A. D. 1365. Being obliged to surrender the place for want of succours, and afterwards dreading the anger of Pedro the Cruel, he fled with all his followers to Henry of Trastamara; and this, according to the historians, was the beginning of the bad fortune to the bad sovereign, whose character is well known in general history. If there is any historical foundation for the incidents in this old ballad, the Prior did not change sides till he had sufficient proof that his life was in danger.

The "Don John" mentioned near the beginning was Don John de Haro surnamed *El Tuerto* or the Squint-eyed, seventeenth hereditary Lord of Biscay, a turbulent noble killed at an entertainment by Alfonso XI., in the city of Toro, as expressed in the Ballad.

THE DEATH OF ALVAR DE LUNA.

Alvar de Luna was Constable of Castille in the turbulent reign of John II. In the time of his power he alone, says Mariana, had more authority than all the other grandees or nobility combined; so that for the space of thirty years, more or less, he had such command of the royal house, that nothing great or small was done but by his will. The account of his fall may be read in Mariana, Lib. xxii. c. 12, 13.

"Alms, sweet friends, for charity!
Speed the sinner's parting soul!"
'Twas a Friar was heard to cry,
Dolefully his voice of dole,
Raising to the warning sound
Of his little tinkling bell:
"Alms, to lay in holy ground
One who bids the world farewell;
Rich and mighty yesterday,
Proudly mating with the proud,
Now so poor, he cannot pay
E'en the value of his shroud.

Gallants, of his fate have pity,
Ye, who thought by him to rise,
Who, in Burgos' courtly city,
Sought of him each courtly prize;
Sought each grace from grace's donor,
Dukedom, county, marquisate,
Prelate's worth, or knighthood's honour,
Mastery in Church or State.
He, who bade all dignities
At his beck to ebb or flow,
Dies the death that felon dies:
Alms for charity bestow!
Alms for charity bestow!
He, who could the world command
Yesterday, to-day must bow
To the abhorred headsman's hand;
Yea, beneath the headsman's feet:
Heralds loud are blazoning
Crimes upon him through the street,
Where Castille's high Court and King
Waited on his state but now,
And each suitor bless'd his pain,
Who within his sight might bow,
Though he sought his ear in vain.
Now a grisly throng is waiting;
Crowd on crowd the rabble run,
Outcasts of the soil, loud prating
Of a wretch, like them, undone.

He, who ruled men's destinies,
Curb'd the proud, and raised the low,
Dies the death that felon dies:
Alms for charity bestow!
Cheating world, too little known!
Vain and fleeting! can there be
Aught but joy that ends in moan
For the souls that trust in thee?"
Thus the Friar of Charity,
In the throng of trampling feet,
Raised his piteous voice on high
Up the gently-sloping street.
Then the royal guard came on,
Form'd in squadron, firm and slow,
That in order might be done
What the King had bid them do.
Then a troop of Alguacils,
And two courtly great Alcaydes,
Captains three in triple files
Guarding round with naked blades:
And the heralds cried aloud
At the corners of the street,
"Room for justice!" where the crowd
Press'd with clank of trampling feet;
While at every pause on high
Rose the Friar's shrill voice of dole,
"Alms, sweet friends, for charity!
Speed the sinner's parting soul!"

Then the noble Luna came,—
Each strain'd heart was bursting now,—
Not as when he rode like flame
Arm'd on knightly saddle bow,—
But attired in mourning weed,
Black his long gown sweeping low,
Black the mule he rode for steed,
Black its housings trail'd below;
And the hooded cap he wore
Vail'd his face with prison pined;
Pale, but calm, his front he bore,
As a man to death resign'd.
Two poor clerks he rode between,
Who their ghostly aid address'd,
Saint Domingo's clerks, I ween,
Who his parting soul confess'd.
Then was sorrow seen unmask'd,
Tears came fast to every eye;
Voice, and glance, and gesture ask'd,
"Why should noble Luna die?"
Answering spake the heralds soon,—
One to other made reply,
Till the scaffold's height was won,
Where the mighty came to die.
There upon the platform high
Heard he still that voice of dole,
"Alms, sweet friends, for charity!
Speed the sinner's parting soul!"

THE STUDENT OF CORDOVA.

Carlos, wouldst thou hear my story? canst thou bear
a tale of fear,
Such as well might thrill with horror men of firmest
soul to hear?
Lo! this form with painful penance ere my life's meri-
dian worn;
Lo! the power of mortal sorrow clouding all the
joy of morn,
From that night of guilt, whose terrors still my waking
sense appal,
When I went, as fiends had prompted, bold to scale
the convent's wall,
Thence to bear a bride in madness, one to earthly
vows denied,
One who free of choice had enter'd, vow'd to Heaven
a cloister'd bride.
Arm'd I went, and unattended, when the chimes from
many a tower
Rang the signal long-expected at the solemn midnight
hour.

Fiery hope, of guilt all reckless, bore me bounding through the street,
Not a sound of life around me, save the echoes of my feet.
All at once, as dull in distance rolls the muffled beat of drum,
Seem'd a stilly tramp of footsteps following in my track to come.
Fast as fearful speed could force me, from that sound I fled dismay'd,
Till behind a jutting angle hid in gloom my flight I stay'd.
Fast pursuing came the concourse, crowds whose forms were undescried,
Till a halt they made beside me: then a voice loud echoing cried,
"If the man is Don Lisardo, strike him dead, nor turn nor spare."
"Die, false wretch," a throng of voices answer'd through the dim night-air.
Then I heard the clash of sword-thrusts, and a piteous voice of moan,
"Heaven on all my sins have mercy; for my forfeit life is gone."
Straight those strange assailants vanish'd: night a deeper veil outspread;
And the street was mute in silence, as the stillness of the dead.

Oh! what words can speak the terrors which my
trembling sense o'ercame!
E'en my very soul seem'd parting from my faint and
palsied frame:
For the name of him, whose corpse had sunk upon the
pavement-stone,
Pierced by all those cruel sword-thrusts, was no other
than my own.
Scarcely in that pale night-horror, staggering from my
dim retreat,
Had I turn'd once more to flying, when beneath my
tottering feet,
O ye powers of heavenly Mercy, struggling with death's
feeble moan,
Roll'd that slain one with his heart's blood dyeing deep
the pavement-stone.
Fix'd I stood, and gazed upon him: seem'd it then my
feet were bound,
While I gazed in dole and anguish on each gaping
bleeding wound.
Not a word my lips could utter: vainly did I strive to
flee,
Vainly strove the spell to sever, which had link'd the
dead to me.
Till again a noise drew nigh me: lo! another crowd
drew near:
"Lo!" my conscious soul now prompted, "if the
night-watch find me here,

Here with this fresh corpse before me, who shall clear
me of the deed?
Let me die, but not as felon, whom the law has
doom'd to bleed,
Sinful man, but not blood-guilty." With the thought I
rush'd away,
'Scaping how I scarce can tell, and reckless where my
feet might stray.
Fain to her, whom my fond wooing had from duty
turn'd aside,
Fain to her, whom Heaven had rescued, ne'er to be an
earthly bride,
Had I now made known this portent: but another
change befel:
Lo! on echoes of the night-wind loudly toll'd the
funeral bell.
Strange and wild the sound in darkness struck upon
my startled ear,
Never heard, save when Fate's summons bears to
death some prince or peer:
Never heard in hours of slumber, when the lowly-born
may die;—
Sure, methought, some power unearthly with that knell
awoke the sky.
Then, as on I pass'd, approaching near an old monas-
tic gate,
From a neighbouring street there met me, moving slow
in solemn state,

Men in choirs that sang the death-chaunt, and with tramp of measured tread
Bore along a lifeless burden to the dwelling of the dead.
Underneath a low-brow'd portal for a space I turn'd aside:
While in long-drawn files before me, clad in white, were seen to glide,
Two by two, a throng of churchmen; each with taper's light array'd,
Following sad a cross and banner dimly floating through the shade.
Not a face in all that concourse to my searching eye was known;
Not one face in all those orders, as in turn they glimmer'd on:
Till at last, upborne on shoulders, sight of sorrow and of fear,
Came the dead beneath his pall-cloth, darkly shrouded on the bier.
Strange, while all those gathering terrors like a load weigh'd down my breast,
E'en from very fear my spirit arm'd me yet to see the rest.
To the gate of that old convent on I press'd; and entrance won,
Where the minster's open portals stream'd with light to guide me on:

Wide the folding doors stood open; nave and aisles within were bright,
Bright as if a thousand cressets flash'd around their clearest light.
Thither now the long procession all had enter'd, two by two;
Then I follow'd: worse the danger seem'd if I again withdrew:
Faint and pale I follow'd: coldly gleam'd the drops upon my brow:
Chill the blood of life within me; yet, half-dead, I know not how,
On the threshold stone I linger'd, scarce I breathed a silent breath,
Doubting if I yet should venture to invade that court of death.
Thence within I mark'd the movements of the solemn priestly band,
How their order'd files dividing ranged they stood on either hand,
And their mournful requiem chaunted, while the dead between them laid
Shone all ghastly in the splendour by surrounding tapers made.
Sadly sweet the sound stole on me, as that low-voiced requiem-song
To my listening ear was carried, borne the spreading vaults along.

"Here," methought, "no fiend of darkness can my cheated sense beguile:
Holy forms are here, and holy voices fill the deep-drawn aisle."
Thus resolved, the church I enter'd, and, my body bending low,
From the stoup of hallow'd water bathed in haste my throbbing brow.
Suddenly, ere once my tongue could breathe apart my Saviour's prayer,
Every eye in all that concourse fix'd on me its grisly glare,
With their gaze my soul transpiercing, so that, howso-e'er I strove,
Like a spell-bound man it held me, powerless all to speak or move.
When at length they ceased that gazing, of the nearest of the train
Humbly ask'd I, for whose death they sang that strange and solemn strain.
With a hollow sigh the chaunter answer'd: "Well the man you know:
'Tis the student Don Lisardo; tell it, when from hence you go,
To his nearest friend, if nearer than yourself another be."
Carlos, judge, what strange amazement at his words laid hold on me.

With my hand that moved unbidden first I felt my trembling side,
Then withdrew it gazing on it,—was it with my life-blood dyed?
Wondering more again that question ask'd I of another near,
Doom'd again that self-same answer from his pallid lips to hear.
To them both I turn'd, half-angry: "Sirs, regard the words you say:
Well I know that Don Lisardo lives; and that pale mortal clay
Is no corpse of his." At this the solemn music ceased to sound,
And the priest who there presided, clapp'd his hands, and turning round,
For the rest to me made answer: "Mortal, all of this pale choir
Visit earth from those sad mansions, where their sins are purged with fire.
For our aid since Don Lisardo alms hath given and prayer hath pray'd,
We have come to pray for succour to his late-departed shade.
For in peril dread he lingers. Who can tell his loss or gain,
Who beguiled by mortal passion in his hour of sin lies slain?

But since you these rites have hinder'd, we must end
our suppliant song;
If his soul neglected perish, you alone have done this
wrong."
With the word, as at a signal, quench'd was every
taper's light,
And the phantom forms departed melting in the dark-
some night.
Then at last in shame and anguish fainting on the
earth I fell;
Yet amidst my swoon the threatenings seem'd on every
breeze to swell.
Slowly when I woke to memory, prostrate on the pave-
ment floor,
Humbly to the God of mercy did I my foul sin de-
plore;
How his grace had ever warn'd me, while with mad-
ness fierce and blind
I had scorn'd each patient warning, and had cast his
laws behind:
Yet if now with life escaping I might live with souls
forgiven,
Leaving earth's vain hopes and follies, I would give
each hour to heaven.
Thus, my heavy heart unburden'd, rising from my knees
I stood;
Tottering through the chilly night-dew scarce I found
my homeward road,

Feeling for my way in darkness, till I reach'd the well-known door.
There, when first uprose the morning, to the poor I gave my store.
What thenceforth to me were jewels, courtly dress, or worldly pride?
Had I not beheld Lisardo, how in that dread hour he died?
'Twas a vision sent to warn me how for me a grave was made,
If I still with desperate wooing tempted Heaven's devoted maid.
By a faithful lacquey sending to her ears the news I gave,
Bade her think of sad repentance, her inconstant soul to save,
And in prayer at morn and even still to intercede for me,
Whom soul-stricken for his trespass never more her eyes might see.
Carlos, now farewell. If pity move thee for my groans and sighs,
Pray to heaven that no temptation thine unguarded heart surprise.

THE GRIEF OF THE MORISCOES.

This Ballad appears to be the production of some inhabitant of Seville, who was an eye-witness of the expulsion. It is of little merit except as an historical document, exhibiting the puzzled feelings, shared by many a spectator, of fear and hatred and pity, with which the doomed victims were accompanied to their embarkation. The Moriscoes of Andalusia, as Davila testifies, were the richest and most affluent of all who were expelled from the Peninsula, profiting largely by the prosperity which Cordova, Seville, and other cities of the province enjoyed in the reign of Philip III. Hornachos is a little town of Estremadura, not far from Badajoz, on a sunny slope in a region of valleys and hills abounding with orange-groves. It has never recovered the loss of its industrious Moorish inhabitants; but then the place, says Davila, was the head-quarters of the pestilent sect, who had no claim to the name of Christians beyond their residence in Spain. Many illuminated copies of the Koran were found in their deserted houses; and Pagan musical instruments.

The Marquis of San German, the military commander who conducted proceedings in this province, had before distinguished himself by the capture of Alarache.

A mighty change is come o'er Spain: the realm from shore to shore,
Long vex'd with our Morisco foes, will bear them now no more.

Praise to our God! Long live the King! In spite of Paynim pride,
Our holy Inquisition's arm may God uphold and guide!
The Christian true may she discern, the heretic chastise,
And let us live henceforth at one, like brothers and allies!
Long live our Pearl of Austria, our Gem without a peer,
The consort of our Lion-King, the Soldan's dread and fear!
Aye, let our foemen quail and weep: 'tis well, 'tis better far
Their eyes should stream with tears, than ours, who loyal subjects are:
And let their slashing scimitar, their knife, which we have known
Oft dyed with blood of Christian throats, be pointed at their own.
Hence let them pass to Barbary-Land: too long they waste our store:
The turncoats on our Christian ground shall change their suits no more.
The knave, who hempen sandals wore, now walks the public place
In boots, like any gentleman, all bright with silver lace,

In velvet doublet lined with silk, like gallant gay and bold,
And sword in glittering scabbard hung, and hilt o'erlaid with gold.
And he, who once with waiting-knaves a master's livery wore,
Now counts his own tall serving-men by four or four times four.
How proudly did they flaunt, and glance with air of jesting scorn,
When some poor Christian cross'd their way in garments rent and torn,
Some tatter'd Christian held in rags to swell their Pagan state,
In corners thrown, like Lazarus before the Miser's gate.
And then the Moorish wench, whose hands her scullion-task have plied,
Comes forth with gilded slippers fine, with silver laces tied,
In silken boddice trimm'd with pearls, so gorgeous to behold,
And necklace of enamel'd links entwined in chain of gold:
And she must have her lady's-maids to grace her when she drives
In coaches such as Aldermen provide for city-wives.

Their serving men and women both were splendidly
array'd :
The seats of chairs whereon they sate bedeck'd with
rich brocade.
Their bridals and their christening days they kept with
joyous throng,
With gallant cheer and festive show, with Moorish
dance and song.
And so through all the realm of Spain these Hagarenes
at large
Were found in many a post of worth and offices of
charge ;
Wise doctors, proctors, advocates, in courts where fees
were paid,
And quick and clever factors in the ports and marts
of trade.
But, as great dust must end in mud, now, gentles,
you shall hear,
How all this pomp and triumph brave in smoke shall
disappear.
Disorder calls for checks at last, howe'er with careless
heed
The patient state endured it long, too slow to feel the
need.
For many a year in secret guise the subtle venom
sped ;
The mischief soon had overstrain'd our empire's vital
thread :

But now no more the loyal hearts shall hold their life in debt
To their opponents' wanton will; the right shall triumph yet.
The tide has turn'd, the cast is thrown, that shall your hopes confound,
And scatter far for evermore the liegemen of Mahound.
Behold, your prophet plays you false: your prophet, —who but he?
Has brought you down to weeping cross; and Spain once more is free.
All, all who dwell in Arragon, howe'er secure they were,
All in Toledo and Madrid, the bann are doom'd to hear:
Hornachos-men, and Cordova's, and all Valencia's breed,
All Seville's and Granada's Moors must share the traitor's meed:
All traitors are proclaim'd at once to our Castillian crown:
God guard it well from treason's bane, and strike all traitors down!
Heaven knows how weighty is our grief to part from those who grew
From childhood on our native soil; their fate we dearly rue;

With us in Christian lore once taught, now exiles doom'd to be,
Embark'd to find a foreign home with foes beyond the sea.
From noble Seville, loyal town, as clerks the sum have told,
Have gone some thirty thousand souls, men, women, young and old;
The age-worn sire and little child, the rich ones and the poor:
A mighty solitude it makes, this clearance of the Moor.
From Aljarafe's oliveyards five thousand twenty-three:
The gazer's heart it pierced with pain the piteous sight to see.
For why, they look'd like Christian folk, and spoke with bitter moan,
"Alas! dear land! what cruel fate debars us from our own?
Alas! but wherefore ask? our sins have brought this penal day."
So pass'd they on with lingering looks of anguish and dismay.
Then came the Moorish women sad: their lily hands they wrung;
They raised their tear-swoln eyes to heaven; and wailing filled each tongue:

"Alas! dear Seville! fatherland! alas! dear steeples all,
Marina's, Mark's, and Andrew's kirk, Saint Julian, and Saint Paul!"
For there they went to shrift and mass in happier days, I ween,
If not to pray as Christians pray, to see and to be seen.
And some Morisco men there were, who mournfully survey'd
With genuine grief the streets and marts, where late they drove their trade,
And mutter'd many a well-known name, the Butcher-Row, the Strand,
The Oil-Mart, where their oily cakes must now be contraband;
The Vintry, where hard Fate had dash'd the beverage from their lips,
The Sun-Gate, where the sun to them henceforth is in eclipse.
But others call'd for help at need with voices loud and high,
And pray'd our Lady of her grace to hear their parting cry.
Young infants borne in arms partook their mothers' woes and fears,
At their sad breasts all scantly fed, instead of milk, with tears.

And of devotion's inward grace some shew'd the tokens fair,
White comely cloaks, which Christian wives at kirk are wont to wear.
Their strings of beads full oft they told; their rosaries counted o'er;
And high above their mourning bands a Crucifix they bore:
On this they gazed, as on they moved; and some rich offerings gave
To churches which they named before they cross'd the ocean-wave.
A merchant of St. Julian's ward four thousand ducats paid
To our dear Lady of the Palm, and humble vows he made:
And others left their gifts and alms, that masses might ascend,
And memory might be kept in prayer of some departed friend.
But, gentles, now my tale is done. May God defend for Spain
Our loyal Christian gentlemen, who here unscathed remain.
The Marquis of St. German brave, may God his wealth increase,
And prosper long his life, whose arm hath brought our province peace;

Who this great task hath smoothly done, as our Third
Philip bade,
Our shepherd good, who guards his flock, of wolves no
more afraid;
Who bids the faith of Spain like ore in furnace tried to
shine,
Or pure as gold from God's own hand in ingots of the
mine.

III. POEMS

ILLUSTRATING THE CHURCH HISTORY OF SPAIN.

THE VISION OF ST. ILDEFONSO.

The night came on, not wrapt in gloomy shroud
Of shadowy texture, tinged with shapes of fear,
But imaging the pale white gleams, that crowd
The twilight air, not dark, nor wholly clear;
Or labouring moon, what time in mantling cloud,
Distress'd by wizard's charm, with troubled cheer
She veils her radiant horns, and deals her light
Through glimmering mists, with rays obscurely bright:

So gleam'd the conscious air, as though it knew
A sunlike form was posting down the sky.
Borne not on golden car, but wings that drew
Her glittering throne, whose downy canopy
Was throng of seraphs, quiring as they flew,
In ministering order hovering nigh;
By whom sustain'd when MARY came, the ray
Clad the dim gloom with purple beams of day.

Upon that famous hill she lighted down,
Whose walls, old Spain's high marvel, seem'd to rise,
Girt round with rock-built turrets, like a crown,
To give her royal welcome, through the skies;
While Tagus, in his echoing channel thrown,
Gave answer to those golden harmonies,
Rejoicing stream, beneath that guarded brow,
Imperial seat of old, empyreal now.

She sought the Pastor, whose unwearied hand
The precious crook of sacred metal bore,
The strong in Faith's firm battle to withstand
The Helvidian snake, by Jerome scotch'd before:
She found him, where for others' weal he plann'd,
And hours of sleep with painful watch outwore:
But then the fane was lost in dazzling light
Before the saintly Goth's admiring sight.

In terror of that light, so keen, so fair,
The children of the convent, soul-subdued,
Were fix'd in gaze; the boldest person there
As motionless as chisel'd marble stood:
But glad as eagle, bathing in the glare
Of sun at noon, was Ildefonso good,
True to that pen, whose glowing lines record
To what fair heights his eagle-soul had soar'd.

In that majestic sphere of ruddy glow
Awhile the meek-eyed prelate prostrate lay;
Then, like a spirit rapt from earth below,
Trembling and high up-poised in beaming day,
From the fresh streams of light that outward flow,
He scann'd the living form that gives the ray,
As though his sight he fear'd not to o'erstrain,
Intent he gazed, and turn'd to gaze again.

The peerless Queen, from her high star-paved floor
Down bending, clad him with a bright brocade;
The cherub-forms within heaven's golden door
Tread not heaven's courts in pile so rich array'd:
The gems that spangle heaven, and change no more,
Though not outdone, in radiance seem'd to fade
Before that fair embroidery; not more fair
The glorious stars, than each small ruby there.

What thanks and praise the wondering Bishop gave
For that immortal gift, bestow'd so well,
Were theme that other hand and pen must crave,
Divinely led, like his, in words to tell:
But as the lessening foam on eddying wave
Dies down with Ocean's soft retiring swell,
So died the temple's lustre on the view,
Still lessening, as the vision's light withdrew.

O ever Virgin, glorious evermore,
Who wilt not humble love's pure gifts disdain,
A Pastor now is ours, who brings his store,
With bronze and jasper-stones to deck thy fane:
Such strength and grace henceforth shall ne'er deplore
Time's outrage, but defy his menace vain.
Tall pyramids, and walls of weary toil,
May moulder, but these stones Time ne'er shall spoil.

A Sandoval, the glory of his race,
The Argus of our Faith, whose watchful eye,
Keen as an angel's glance in realms of space,
Invests with awe his purple dignity:
Of those glad throngs, whom robes immortal grace,
May he increase the goodly company,
Who now to thee, with service duly shown,
Mother and Maid, hath raised this worthy throne.

ST. HERMENGILD.

St. Hermengild, whose story may be read in Gregory of Tours, was the son of Levigild, king of the Visigoths of Spain, towards the close of the sixth century. The Spaniards in venerating him for a saint, seem too much to have forgotten that he rebelled against his father. Gregory of Tours points out this blot in his scutcheon.

I.

This is the happy hour, the sacred day,
On which Spain's Queen of Cities, that erewhile
Abjured thee King, now as her saint reveres:
This day her white stoled clerks in long-drawn file
Steep the still air in music, hearts once gay
In sober pity, earth in tender tears.
This day in silent state her noble peers
Bear their rich gifts, and, with the adoring throng,
Wait on the clear-voiced hymn and chaunted song.
This day the schools of learning, vow'd to thee,
Are toiling like the bee;—
Devotion claims their best in rival powers;—
Sipping in many a field the muse's flowers,
Fields of rich fancy, flowers of fragrant praise,
Honouring thy name with learning's varied store,
Whilst thou art clad with rays
From God's own presence on the star-paved floor.

II.

This day her wealth doth curious Fancy bring,
And Vanity hath learnt religious care,
Mustering her pomp of liveries trim and gay;
And joyous spirits unrepress'd are there,
Whose bright attire outvies the purple Spring;
As though religion bade them to display
Their rent-roll's glories to the dazzling day,
One gives the silk of China to the breeze,
Another Persia's costly tapestries,
Hung out in sunny gladness on the walls;
Or from baronial halls
Brings forth the gorgeous paintings, one by one,
Where modern art hath Grecia's fame outdone;
Or from the rifled grove festoons the street,
When old and young pacing in mimic bowers
To music's measured beat,
Wear jewels, gaze on splendour, walk on flowers.

III.

True prince and martyr, to whose sacred brow,
Denied its kingly crown, the vengeful blade
Of Arian rage a holier wreath has given;
Whose hand the golden sceptre might have sway'd,
But bears the well-earn'd palm of victory now,

Gracing the saintly company of heaven:
A faithful comrade thou of faithful Stephen,
In that bright camp, where souls in brightness throng,
Where combat comes not, but triumphant song,
Swords yield to palms, and spears to shafts of light;
O that, with voice of might
Soldier of God, with trumpet's thrilling tone,
Alike to frozen pole, or burning zone,
Thy glorious death my song could bear afar,
Thy faith victorious, that o'er Bœtis' wave
Rose like the morning-star,
To Gothic hearts revealing light to save!

IV.

But these fair altars, hallow'd to thy praise,
And these rejoicing anthems which we sing,
Join'd with thy prayers, in heaven, which more prevail,
O let them plead for our Third Philip's days,
In whom our hopes find rest:—his tender spring
Of princely manhood, guard it ere it fail,
Set as a relique fine in crystal frail;
His royal thoughts direct with counsel sound,
That, in God's battle arm'd, he may confound
The modern Babel's tower, with holy wrath
Opening the pilgrim's path,
Where Paynim war forbids a peaceful way,
To that dear sepulchre, where Jesus lay.

For since in guileless infancy to thee
His tender soul its vows unceasing pour'd,
'Tis meet his age should see
Long peace, and happy rule, and conquering sword.

V.

And thou, dear Mother, in thy sons more dear,
Rival of realms that share dominion's pride;
Where'er night's shadows fall, or sunbeams lie,
Beyond the world's chief cities amplified;
In whose full mart with Spain's rich fruits appear
The corn of France and sunny Sicily:
Not for thy lordly river rolling by,
Bœtis, the king of floods, whose waves disdain
A vassal's tribute, and command the main;
Not for that on its current's heaving breast
Barques from the late-found West
Are anchoring still, and with their glittering ore,
Thick as autumnal leaves, bestrew the shore;
I praise thee: thy true name of glory won,
More bright than banner's blazon e'er unfurl'd,
Lives in thy martyr'd Son,
Faith's Shield, Spain's Boast, and Envy of the World.

SAINT TERÉSA.

For all notices of St. Teresa and her disciples, and the poetical tournaments at her beatification, the reader is requested to consult the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 64, *sqq*.

Good measure of the seed that fell
Not on rude thorns or arid stone,
But the kind earth requited well
With plenteous fruit, five score for one,

Was found in this good Saint, whose worth,
Appraised by lawful standard now,
From Avila that gave her birth
Prompts far and near the bedesman's vow.

For not alone of grain so pure
She gave full measure, just and true,
She brought, the treasure to secure,
The girding cord and sackcloth too.

A saintly patriarch, two in one
She play'd her part, in both entire,
Now Angelo, half-friar, half-nun,
Teresa now, half-nun, half-friar.

In dreams she soar'd to Carmel's height,
And saw perchance the bush that bloom'd,
Wrapt in a shroud of fiery light
With buds of glory unconsumed.

Thence to the world returning down,
She walk'd unsandal'd evermore;
But in strong tables, firm as stone,
Her reverend Code Reform'd she bore.

Or, like the Tishbite's follower blest,
She track'd the car of heavenly love
That bore him to his endless rest,
And caught his mantle from above:

Thence love-inspired, to earth's dark ways
She turn'd, her convent-homes to rear,
In number like the nights and days
In Spain's star-spangled hemisphere.

Her convent-homes for souls distress'd
She rear'd, celestial sojournings,
Whereto poor mourners flew for rest,
Like bees at eve with weary wings.

With such wise zeal her spirit glow'd,
With language meet for grey-hair'd men,
The counsels from her lips that flow'd
Had graced a mitred prelate's pen.

Twin lights of Avila's fair town
They live, Tostado, learned sire,
Whose lamp of truth shall ne'er burn down,
And now Teresa's signal-fire.

In Avila, right nobly born,
She grew, and Nature gave beside
Such beauty as might well adorn
The state of Juno's bird of pride.

The rose, the lily in her cheek
So graced her crystal form so fair,
That Flattery's glossing could not speak
Of charms that Nature gave not there.

But in the springtide of her youth,
Proof to the fond beguiling sin,
The fragile crystal kept the truth,
The firmness of the rock within.

Unheeded round that virgin form
The twines of flaunting Flattery play'd;
They wither'd, as at touch of worm
The wanton Spring's waste tendrils fade.

So unbeguiled and fancy-free
She like the bowering cedar grew,
And pilgrims to that sheltering tree
From heat or storm to covert flew.

Her penitential followers pale,
In ashy cowls, might match the crowd,
That to the prophet's boding wail
At Nineveh in ashes bow'd.

Such citizens from Europe wide
Did this good anchorite enrol;
Till mortal urn no more might hide
The flame of her ethereal soul.

O host of penitents so fair,
That drink of Carmel's living springs,
Whose forms the gown of camlet wear
With glory like an angel's wings;

Religion, spread as soon as born,
All flowering, while its plant was young;
All fruitful on its virgin thorn;
Forgive my too presumptuous song;

Forgive me, if among your swans,
Like the vain daw, I dare to come,
To greet the Saint's bright sun that dawns
O'er her clear stream and mountain-home;

Forgive me, when her wondrous worth
More than loud trumpet's voice might need,
If I her praise sound weakly forth
On my poor dull-toned shepherd's reed.

"Good mother, who her twofold flock
Did in one blended rule combine,
As the good dresser from one stock
Rears the twin boughs of one fair vine.

Labourers at every hour she drew
To till her vineyard, man and maid,
To tasks the vain world never knew,
Taught in the convent's cloister'd shade:

To hair-cloth, foe to soft delight,
That with frail flesh so fiercely wars,
Its bristling edge, like file, might bite
E'en through the convent-grating bars:

Or rather, like to horsehair sieves
Sifting the cornheaps fair and even,
It purges out all husks, and gives
The grain in measure pure for heaven.

Wise virgin! she with livelong toil
The watcher's lamp so firm to bear,
Has left her store of sacred oil
To sparkle from her sepulchre:

And it shall burn more bright with years,
Unwasted, till the Bridegroom come,
And the good seed she sowed in tears,
Return in sheaves of gladness home.

SAINT FRANCIS DE BORGIA.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE CITY OF VALENCIA ON HIS BEATIFICATION.

St. Francis de Borgia was the third General of the Company of the Jesuits, over which he presided from A.D. 1565 to his death, Sept. 30, 1572. His remarkable history supplied a theme not only for divines, but for painters and poets. His title in early life was Marquess of Lombay. Brought up, like Ignacio Loyola, in the military profession, and in the Court of Charles V., it was imposed upon him as a duty to attend the funeral of the Empress-Queen, Isabel of Portugal, at Granada, in the year 1539. There, the leaden coffin being opened, and the face exposed, before the body was committed to the sepulchre, the change which death had made was such that the once familiar features could not be recognised; and the horror with which the spectacle struck the young nobleman, then approaching the meridian of his life, at once inspired him with a loathing for the vanity of the world, and a desire to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God. The Emperor, however, instead of granting him leave for this, appointed him to the difficult office of Viceroy of Catalonia, which he held for four years; when, by the death of his father, he became Duke of Ghent, and was allowed to go to his own estates. He had married when young a Spanish lady, Leonor de Castro, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. On her death, in 1547, he made his profession as a member of the Company which Loyola was still living to direct; but obtained a licence from the Pope to continue four years longer in the administration of his

ducal property. At the end of this period, in 1551, he resigned the dukedom and estates to his eldest son, was ordained priest, and took the Jesuit's habit. His first religious abode was a poor hermitage at Oñate in Guipuzcoa, where he lived with a few companions, sleeping on a frame of hard boards, fulfilling in turn the menial offices of the house, begging alms from door to door, and giving the rest of his time to penances and religious meditation. He soon became famous as a preacher, a leader of pilgrimages, and attracted other disciples to the Order among young persons of ability and distinguished birth in Castille and Andalusia.

On the death of Laynez, in 1565, he was elected General; in which high office his self-denial, zeal, and prudence, were more than ever remarkable. It was a time when the new Society was struggling hard for its position; and it was commonly said, that if Ignacio had drawn the plan and laid the foundations of the spiritual edifice, it was Francis Borgia who completed the building. His principal power in his administration, says Jaques Damian, was his sanctity. He declined the Cardinal's hat, which Julius III. offered him, and would subsequently have resigned the Generalship; but Pius V. kept him employed in aiding his Legate at the Courts of Portugal, Spain, and France. His last illness appears to have been aggravated and made fatal by the haste with which he pressed on to return to Rome, after he had fulfilled his last mission. He died in his sixty-second year.

Thou famous City, whose fair princely halls
  Might claim their birth from bright Apollo's lyre,
Howe'er thy fenced towers and rock-built walls
  Speak more the hardy War-God's tones of fire;
Fair champaign, where the West-wind, as it falls
  Or rises, decks the groves with such attire
As Art must envy;—hear not with disdain
Among thy Turia's swans my harsher strain.

I come with voice untuned, with pen unknown,
To sing the generous Borgia's saintly worth;
If haply from his pure exalted throne
His glory can regard dim songs of earth,
He, to whose eyes the ducal purple shone
Like transient sparkles of the sea-stream's birth,
When once with sacred awe his gaze survey'd
In death's cold shroud the Imperial Beauty laid.

Then like the trump of doom the deathbell toll'd,
And burst the veil of earthly pomp untrue,
Kindling his vow to seek the lowly fold,
Whereto his flock the Jesuit shepherd drew,
And, to a sheepcote from his palace old
Retiring, deck with honours strange and new
That famous Master's name, divinely led
To bring such comfort to the flock he fed.

A novice now, no more the bed of down
He prizes, but to purer state aspires,
And doffs his princely robe for hairy gown,
Taming each lighter pulse of wild desires;
Spare Fast and Prayer, that to the Eternal Throne
Endue the soul with wings, with chaster fires
Inspire him, while he mourns in penance sore,
Like the sad hernshaw by the watery shore.

That wary bird foresees the storm to come,
And croaks its boding note at dawn of day,
And prunes its patient wing: of coming doom,
Like her, forewarn'd, our seer redeem'd his way:
For oft for souls, where hopes immortal bloom,
Prophetic warnings purge the visual ray:
Bear witness his good Barque, by many a rock
Beset, yet saved, and proof to every shock.

Spurning all pomps of earth, and full of God,
On whose poor cell heaven's purest light stream'd down,
In vain to him the sacred crimson glow'd,
The glorious earnest of the triple crown:
Dead to the world,—since e'en the Prophet's rod
Became a serpent on the dull earth thrown,—
Well may his life this lesser honour claim,
Who e'en as Duke had earn'd a saintly name.

IV. POEMS OF FANCY AND THE AFFECTIONS.

NOT ALL THE BIRDS ARE NIGHTINGALES

Not all the birds are nightingales,
That sing in flowery downs and dales;
Nor every chime of silver bells,
That to the dawn its greeting tells,
Nor golden trumpets, every one,
Whose peal salutes the golden sun.

Ah no! not all those trills belong
To those sweet siren birds of song,
Whose bosoms on green poplars rest,
And not on Ocean's billowy breast.
If, listening to the charmers' throats,
Thou know'st not true from mock-bird's notes,
Yet all are not sweet Nightingales,
That sing in flowery downs and dales.

The art, whose rapture charms the strings,
The sweetness, that sweet comfort brings,

Is not when fingers sweep the lyre
With restless touch and glow like fire:
A softer music, sad or gay,
Is that which steals the soul away,
And wakes meek hopes and gentle fears,
Heart-chastening joys, and gladdening tears.
No, all are not true nightingales,
That chirp and sing in flowery dales.

THE COURT-DAY OF THE ROSE.

The Flowers, the children of the dawn,
When morn's advancing steps were near,
Stood watching round the dewy lawn,
To see the Rose, their Queen, appear.

She came; no state was round her head,
No canopy with silken fold;
But at her feet the carpet spread
Outshone the Field of Cloth of Gold.

Around, in painful duty tried,
In stiff array with weapons bared,
The Thorns drew up on every side,
Her royal Archers of the Guard.

To greet her was obeisance done
By every flower assembled there;
And ne'er before a courtly throne
Was reverence made with finer air.

'Tis true, they could not bow the knee;
But deem not thence they wanted love:
Fair as they were, they were not free,
Foot-bound they stood, and could not move

The common crowd of herbs below,
Whom fate forbade in Court to rise,
Yet, as they could, their joy would shew
With welcomes from ten thousand eyes.

But some there were who claim'd a place
Near to their Queen exalted high;
And some, who seem'd to plead for grace
With distant fear and silent sigh.

Boldly the proud Carnation woo'd,
The foremost of the glittering ring;
A prince he seem'd of royal blood,
And fain would reign a purple king.

The modest Hyacinth was mute,
With gaze as soft as blue-eyed dove,
And on his silent petals wrote
The word of deep unutter'd love.

E'en vain Narcissus from his fount
His self-admiring look withdrew,
And seem'd to find, beyond his wont,
Another brighter form and hue.

The Jasmine, like an old Court-beau,
With amber scent, perfumed the air;
But what he meant you could not know,
Whose sweets were scatter'd everywhere.

The jealous Iris, ill at ease,
With sheath that scarce put forth its bloom,
Shew'd like a booted Portuguese,
Who cannot learn the Court-costume.

The Musk-plant and the Pink so sweet,
The ladies of the bower were they,
For courtly service sure most meet,
With beaming eyes and breath of May.

The tall white Lilies stood in place
Like Matrons of the Robes; but ne'er
Did Matron match, with pearls or lace,
The Lily's snow-white stomacher.

The Violets Maids of Honour were,
And well did they become their Queen,
The firstlings of the vernal year,
With sweetness rather felt than seen.

Thick Laurels were the verdant pale,
That fenced the plot of garden-ground,
Where many a hidden nightingale
Sang to the listening woods around.

The Cypress-trees,—unless the whim
Of rhyme has led my thought astray,—
They stood so stiff, and look'd so prim,
The Ushers of the Court were they:

Methought they did not quite approve,
Whene'er the Honey-bee came near,
And humm'd his restless song of love,
Unmeet for maiden flowers to hear:

And, sooth to say, the bee on wing
Roves like a thief through buds and bowers;
He steals the sweets, and hides his sting,
And plays like Cupid with the flowers.

The motley Poppy, white and red,
Was there to do the part of Fool:
When stripp'd 'tis but an empty head,
Or nought but opium in the skull.

Such was the Palace of the Spring,
The Court of Nature's fresh array,
Which once a year the Seasons bring
For one brief blooming month to stay;

And bid the moral of my lines,
To warn of fleeting joy and sorrow;
For where to-day a garden shines,
A wilderness may frown to-morrow.

THE HIGHLAND MAIDS OF CUENCA.

In Jucar's pinewood alleys,
Where Jucar's floods are thrown
Deep down the mountain-valleys
O'er sounding beds of stone,
I saw the highland-daughters
Troop forth to dance and play
To music of bright waters,
And winds that swept the spray:
Fair as the fabled wan ones,
That dwell in haunted flood,
Or Huntress Queen's companions,
That range the wild green wood.
But these were Cuenca's daughters;
By Cuenca's mountain-seat
Proud were the mingling waters
To kiss their fairy feet.
And oh! with what fresh gladness
Their fair young hands they twined,
Fast friends, unvex'd by sadness,
Or fears of change unkind.

They came, their stores to gather
Of pine-cones from the spray,
With freedom and fair weather
To light them on their way,
Where through dark branches straying
Came gleams from sunny skies,
As though blind Love were playing
With Day's ten thousand eyes.
Dance on, ye highland-daughters,
In youth and joy, as now,
To music of the waters,
Beneath the pinewood-bough.

Their flower-inwoven tresses,
That with the breezes play'd,
Or held with silver laces,
As art had twined the braid,
In auburn ringlets waving,
Were glorious to behold,
The sunny rays outbraving,
Or rich Arabia's gold.
Their flowing skirts around them,
And boddice green or blue,
With Hope's gay cincture bound them,
Or Heaven's own sapphire hue:
And ever in their dancing,
By glimpses high or low,
Some pearly foot was glancing

More white than driven snow.
Then one with lily fingers
Her castanets would try;
Her voice was like the Singers
Of dewy Castaly;
It charm'd each feather'd chorist
That sings in wild green wood,
It still'd the waving forest,
And stay'd the falling flood.
Still through dark branches straying
Glance gleams from sunny skies,
As though blind Love were playing
With Day's ten thousand eyes;
And dance, ye highland-daughters,
With joy and song, as now,
To music of the waters,
Beneath the pinewood-bough.

THE SWALLOW.

Back to thy clay-built nest,
Back to thy pendent cradle art thou come,
Thou restless summer-guest,
Beneath my pent-house eaves, and thatch of broom.
No tree in holt or grove thy jealous care
Will trust that fragile masonry to bear.

Thou immelodious bird,
Most querulous bill of all the prattling choir,
Why is thy harsh voice heard
In shades, where sweet dumb Silence would retire?
What wakeful envious spirit, never still,
Moves thy quick flight and cry so loud and shrill?

Go, vex some lordling's ear,
Reclined in golden palace, sick with ease:
Shriek not thy matins here,
Where, lull'd in poplar shades by whispering breeze,
I scarcely note the nightingale, less sweet
Than yon bright brook low murmuring at my feet.

Tell me, what barbarous waste,
What sands where serpents breed, didst thou forsake,
In such impetuous haste,
This calm of peaceful poverty to break,
Troubling my lowly lodge, within whose screen
Mute Quiet seals her lips and walks unseen?

Begone: no clamorous Care,
Entering, my latticed door on hinge shall turn:
No wandering Strife shall dare
To tread this garden-ground, or pass its bourne
Of silvery winding waters, from whose tide
The honey-bee sips fragrance as they glide.

THE POET'S SEARCH-WARRANT.

Fly, my Thought; fleet wings attend thee;
To those eyes, whereto I send thee;
Tell them, where so bright they shine,
Tell them, spirit, thou art mine.

By a jealous soul sent out,
Thou must play the perfect scout:
Powers of search I bid thee have;
Use them like a prying knave:
Flit by day in air above,
Nightly through the chambers move,
Flight or footstep both unseen;
None must know where thou hast been.

Active ever, silent still,
Bid her heart my image fill,
Lest, intruding ere thou come,
Other Thoughts usurp the room.
Soon, too soon, strange foes may pass
Through a wall of brittle glass,
Guarding faith of crystal ware,
Polish'd fine, but frail as fair.

Sweep the house with broom and pail
Clear of soldiers grim and stale,
Hungry rogues, who swear and cheat,
Making honest men their meat.
Fear not thou their valiant speeches,
Threatening death with twirl'd mustaches,
Cowards still, for all their words,
Killing tongues with quiet swords.

For thine honour and my own
Bid those carpet-knights be gone,
Men beguiled, against their stars,
To assume the garb of Mars.
But, alas! in courtly room
Buffs and belts that breathe perfume
Oft prevail with weightier charm
Than Achilles' conquering arm.

If the minstrels entrance win,
Other troubles then begin;
Smiling eyes invite them near,
And their lays win woman's ear.
If they sing of others' woe,
Thought, arrest the words that flow,
Till the notes their lutes prolong
Are but sounds without a song.

GUITAR-SONG,

SUNG TO THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Blest with health, afar from strife,
Grant me, Heaven, a quiet life,
Bread to eat, and coin to pay;
And let the light guitar go play,
And listen those who listen may.

Suit or service will I none,
Nor for patron ride or run.
Who would cringe and sue for meed,
Wont on simple fare to feed,
And to bid the proud world pass
With a rasher, and a glass,
And keep, in Winter's howling storm,
With lemon-punch his heart's blood warm?
No, let the light guitar go play,
And listen those who listen may.

Let me sup, and watch the sun,
Till, with him, my day is done:
Then to bed at fall of night,
Sparing cost of candle-light.

But for comfort,—not to slay
My foes,—my flask at hand I'll lay,
No powder-flask, with pistol-pellet,
But what, if thirst assails, will quell it.
So let the light guitar go play,
And listen those that listen may.

Let me, in my little town,
Live unknowing and unknown,
Far from him who waits for place,
Graceless himself, who sues for grace.
No lord who dines in state I'd see,
Save where his feast had room for me,
Nor hear him speak, whate'er the style,
If, while he sits, I stand the while.
No, let the light guitar go play,
And listen those that will or may.

Let me shun, if I am wise,
Courts of Session or Assize:
Worse to me than thorns or brambles
Are the thorny Law's preambles.
My bed of rushes, and my chine
On All Saints' Day, untax'd be mine;
And, bailiffs, spare my wife and me
Our poor home-duties duty free.
So let the light guitar go play,
And listen those that listen may.

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Doctors! None I'll pay or bribe:
Those, who best for me prescribe,
Are my summer's cooling can,
And my winter's warming-pan,
And early rest, with sleep profound,
Till with its chiming ringing sound
The bowl awakes me, not too soon,
To chocolate and cinnamon.
So let the light guitar go play
And listen those that listen may.

SONG.

THE BANKS OF GUADALQUIVIR.

I saw at dawn a vision rare,
A maiden as the morning fair,
Who sate and dress'd her golden hair
On the banks of Guadalquivir.

Her hand, as through her locks it stray'd,
While with her ivory comb she play'd,
Threw the white ivory into shade,
On the banks of Guadalquivir.

What wonder? April ne'er could show
Such whiteness in the blooms that blow,
Where all his laughing lilies grow,
That fringe the crystal river.

The little birds in joyous throng
Sang o'er again their morning song
To that new sun; nor were they wrong
Such glad salute to give her:

For why? the Sun well-pleased had paid
A thousand rays for one bright braid
Like those his envious glance survey'd
On the banks of Guadalquivir.

SONG.

THE ROSEMARY SPRAY.

The flowers upon the rosemary spray,
  Young Maid, may school thy sorrow;
The blue-eyed flower, that blooms to-day,
  To honey turns to-morrow.

A tumult stirs thy tender breast,
  With jealous pain true-hearted,
That he, whom thy first love hath bless'd
  From thee hath coldly parted.

Ungracious boy, who slights thy love,
  And overbold, disdaining
To ask forgiveness, and remove
  The cause of thy complaining.

Hope, come and drive those tears away!
  For lovers' jealous sorrow,
Like dewy blue-eyed flower on spray,
  To honey turns to-morrow.

By thine own joy thou wast undone:
A bliss thou could'st not measure,
Like star at dawn too near the sun,
Eclipsed thee by its pleasure.

Walk forth with eyes serene and fair;
The pearls, that deck the morning,
Are wasted in the day's fierce glare;
With calmness tame his scorning.

Disperse those clouds that but dismay;
Distrust that jealous sorrow:
The blue-eyed flower, that blooms to-day,
To honey turns to-morrow.

SONG.

XIMENA.

What wilt thou do, Ximena,
When I from hence am gone?
—I'll love thee still more dearly
Than I have ever done.
—But tell me, dost thou sorrow,
Like me, to say farewell?
—O let this parting tell thee
What words can never tell.
—But what shall cheer thy sadness,
When thou art left alone?
—To love thee still more dearly
Than I have ever done.

When I am gone, Ximena,
Say what thy life shall be?
—In shades, where oft we wander'd,
In thought to walk with thee.
—But what, if I return not,
And thy heart is sad and lone?

—I'll love thee yet more dearly
Than I have ever done.

How may I trust thou'lt love me
More dearly than before?
—O know'st thou not, in absence
How a true heart loves the more?
—Thou hast learnt love's lore, Ximena:
Forget not, when I'm gone.
—No, I'll love thee still more dearly
Than I have ever done.

GRANADA.

The local and historical allusions in the following characteristic poem will be best found in Richard Ford's account of Granada, the best portion of his "Hand-Book," particularly the account of the monument of Queen Isabella, of which and of whom he speaks with a degree of solemn feeling, too little indulged on other occasions. The revolt of the Moors in the Albaycin is told sufficiently by Prescott. The Dinadamar, now called the Ainadamar, is a little way out of the town, near the Carthusian Convent. The Jaragui and its Gardens are noticed by Townsend, iii., 85-6.

I.

Queen of kingdoms proud in story,
When thy lords of Paynim sway,
Zegries, Gomels, names of glory,
Muzas, Reduans, ruled the day:
Whose twin rivers evermore
Pour their unexhausted store;
One in beauty bathes thy towers,
One the peopled city scours:
Thou, whose ruins witness bear
What thy palmy splendours were,

Where the wondering victor now
Vails to thee his laurel'd brow:
I am come, no painful suitor
To thy sages of the laws,
Not to bid some keen disputer
Make the worse the better cause;
No poor strife for land or fee
Draws my spell-bound steps to thee:
But those Towers uplifted high,
Like the giant-king of yore,
Who Jove's azure-vaulted sky
On his patient shoulders bore:
And the Alhambra's guarded fort,
Kingly pile, and meet for kings,
Colonnade, and chequer'd Court,
Where the Lion-Fountain springs;
Where the pavement's ruddy stain
Tells the Zegri's hateful feud,
Where the Abencerrage was slain;
Still the record lives in blood.

II.

Brighter chambers call me soon,
Audience-hall, and wide saloon,
Stage for Beauty's dark-eyed throng,
Frolic dance and mirth of song;
With sweet voice of waters round,
Heard with lulling, freshening sound,

Milk-white now in summer-flow,
Whiter yet in winter's snow:
Walls, by Sculpture's touch of power
Deck'd with clustering fruit or flower;
Greece, thy vaunted limners ne'er
Wrought in mazy wreaths so fair;
Fruits, whose semblance might prevail
To revive thy wondrous tale,
Cheating eager birds that fly,
Cheating man's calm reasoning eye.

III.

Shall I leave the baths unseen,
Solace of the Moorish queen,
Solace of her ladies bright,
Met in evening's tender light?
Where on alabaster base
Firm upheld, clear waters flow
Sparkling from their polish'd vase
To the crystal pool below:
But the forms are gone, that play'd
Glancing through the mellow shade,
Or the beams, that fell subdued
On the foaming, sparkling flood.

IV.

But a holier summons calls
To thy Temple's massive walls,

Pile of beauty, stern and solemn,
O'er the Mosque's old groundworks laid,
Pier, and arch, and stately column,
Rear'd, where once the Moslem pray'd.
Where in majesty of stone
Nature yields by art outdone,
In the shafts of marble cold,
In the tall dome trick'd with gold;
Where the flickering sunlight streaming,
Through the louvred vault at play,
Wears a glow more brightly beaming
Than the golden shafts of day;
Where the unfinish'd greatness more
Draws the gaze of wondering eyes,
Than the fane which Rome of yore
Rear'd to all her deities;
Or the pile of Eastern fame,
Mightiest that the world had seen,
Raised anew from felon flame
To the Ephesian Huntress-Queen.

V.

Now the Tower hath caught my view;
Fair it springs through ether blue,
Chiming sweet with many a bell
From its airy citadel:
Fair the imperfect tiers, so fair,
That, if mortals silent were,

Art might speak in tongues of stone,
Here a master's power was shewn.

VI.

But again I turn, and bending
In the Royal Chauntry kneel,
On the sacred ground, defending
Those dear memories of Castille;
Isabel, Fernando, lying
Pale in marble, side by side,
Warrior Chief of fame undying,
Faithful Victory's dauntless Bride.

VII.

Now thy studious bowers I see,
Learning's fruitful nursery:
Here are wights, that can unfold
Mystic lore of sages old;
Gray Bartolo, Avicen,
Wizards, who outwatch'd the moon,
Clerks of never-wearied pen,
Here might own their spells outdone:
Here are wranglers for degrees,
Who have master'd quite and clean
Galen and Hippocrates,
Thomas wise, and Scotus keen:
Here the famous College stands,
Throng'd by Wisdom's reverend forms,

Rivals of the thirsty bands
By the Henares or the Tormes;
Crimson Hoods, well train'd to guide
Universities and Schools,
Courts, where sharpest wits are tried,
Chairs, where holiest Reason rules.

VIII.

Now I stand on hallow'd ground
In the Convent's narrow round,
Where old Jerome's brethren shew
Thy brave tomb, brave Gonzalo;
Where thy old heroic bones,
Hearsed beneath the pavement stones,
Wait till Heaven shall wake the clay
From the bondage of decay.
Let me boast thy dear renown,
Glory of my native town,
Cordova's unrivall'd knight:
Where thy banner led the fight,
Frenchman's sword made idle war,
Vain was Moorish scimitar;
For thy arms were Victory's own,
Batter'd oft, but ne'er o'erthrown.
Witness bear each warlike token,
Helms, whose din in battle rung,
Turbans cleft, and targes broken,
Blazon'd banners, high uphung,

Spoils of fields, where fiercely banded
Fiery Turk and Tartar stood;
Or where peers of France commanded,
Heirs of Roland's knightly blood;
Spoils of foes that swarm'd in galleys
O'er the surging Eastern Sea,
Or came down from Alpine valleys,
But to yield new wreaths to thee.

IX.

Now the Albaizin steep I climb,
Mindful of the dangerous time,
When false Moors, with rebel cry,
Clamour'd, "Let Ximenes die:"
Calm as death amidst the brawl
Stood the fearless Cardinal.
Still is now the tumult's roar;
Like a stranded wreck on shore,
From whose hulk all life is gone,
Stands the fort in ruin lone.
But, below the heights I tread,
Lies the Vega's champaign-ground,
Like a garden wide outspread,
With its wall of mountains round:
Peaceful scene! how calm and fair!
Peaceful now; but here of yore
Battle raged that would not spare,
Christian bold and stubborn Moor.

X.

Lo! the pleasant Generalife;
Tier on tier, green alleys rise,
Bowers of never fading leaf,
Like the groves of paradise;
Royal myrtle, cypress tall,
Where nice hands, in many a shade,
Sportful skill o'ermastering all,
Many a wanton freak have play'd;
Shrubs, like masted ships, so true,
That they seem to gazer's eye,
If the breeze more strongly blew,
Prompt to spread their sails and fly.

XI.

Now the vine-clad farms I mark,
Bright in bowering foliage dark,
Lining banks where Darro wanders,
Gay as silk from loom of Flanders:
Where the graceful poplar pale,
Gently wooed by western gale,
Moves its tufts of silver sheen
Mix'd with willow's emerald green:
And the fruit-trees intertwined
Seem in sport to change their kind;
Such a tangled mass they shew,
Scarce the boughs their parent know.

XII.

Lo! through Dinadamar flowing
Rills are murmuring: high o'erspread
Towering plants their branches throwing
Veil the secret water's head;
Veil the roots and trunks upspringing
Round the dewy marge, whose screen
Choirs of birds, their carols singing,
Fill with music's power unseen.
Lo! Jaragui's verdant valleys,
Where the unfailing sweetness roves,
Breathed from Spring's fresh flowery chalice,
Breathed from Autumn's citron-groves:
Tissues there of Flora's twining
India's threads of gold might shame;
Strewn with April's gems, outshining
Emerald rays or ruby's flame.

XIII.

Have I told thy wonders all,
Seat of glory ancestral?
Are thy charms departed? No!
Could thy Paynim beauties shew
Face so fair, or glance so bright,
Step in mazy dance so light,
As the forms that linger still
Round thy old enchanted hill?

Such might tread the courts above,
Where the golden seraphs move.
Genil, boast; thy snowy wave
Ebro's beauties may outbrave,
Or the shepherd-maids whose bands
Sport on Tayo's ruddy sands.
And their words are so discreet,
Breathed in tones so low and sweet,
That the reasoning speech, that flows
From within those pearly rows,
Nectar seems, which Graces brew,
Steep'd in Love's own honey-dew.

XIV.

These, fair seat, thy glories are,
Heralded by Fame afar,
From the realm which Douro laves
To Hydaspes' Eastern waves.
For thou art Granada, thou
Brightest gem on Moslem brow,
Brightest wreath by Christian won,
Brightest shade of greatness gone.
And thou art Granada, where
Forms of beauty heavenly fair
Make thy evening splendour seem
Brighter than thy morning beam.
Greater ne'er to light upsprung,
Since the World and Time were young.

SONNETS.

I. TO DIEGO PAZ DE CASTILLEJO.

Let not the short-lived reptile Sloth, Don James,
  Lurk in thy youth's fresh flowers and buds of gold:
  More deadly is that salamander cold,
Than wakeful Study, child of fire and flames.
When next at thee his bolt blind Cupid aims,
  Strip the light shaft which on thy heart takes hold,
  To imp thy Muse's wing: thy wings unfold
In flights of song, like duteous squire of dames.
Complain of cruel scorn, or tell how blest
  Thou art in thy dear lady's hour of grace:
Call her sweet Siren, as may suit her best,
  Or Sphinx with marble heart, yet loveliest face:
So a new star in heaven ensphered shall rest;
  Thy pen, Fame's plume, shall waft her to her place.

II. THE SURPRISE.

I've heard the tale, how once a pilgrim poor
Bewilder'd trod in desert ways unknown;
Night fell, and not a star in heaven was shewn,
No answer to his shout the night-wind bore:
But faintly o'er the dim and silent moor
He heard from far a watch-dog's honest bark,
And though his road he found not, through the dark
He reached a shepherd's hospitable door.
But when the sun uprose, then too uprose
The village-queen, and broke upon his rest,
As she had made her ambush where he lay.
Ah luckless man! his lot had been more blest
To roam the mountain, than for brief repose,
Like me, the forfeit of his life to pay.

III. PRAISE OF ANDALUSIA.

Fair dames, if passion hold not reason's place,
No anger blind your judgment, no disdain,
Say, can an Andalusian plead in vain,
An Andalusian sue and win no grace?
Who, when the terrace-walk at eve you pace,
Adores with humbler vow or truer pain?
Whose arm more deftly throws the tilting-cane?
Who strikes the wild bull down with braver chase?

Or in the ball, on whom do loveliest eyes
Glance radiance through the throng'd and bright saloon,
If not on Andalusian gallants there?
To them true judges still award the prize,
Where gaily for the ring they ride or run,*
Or in the lists of valour boldly dare.

* See Note.

IV. PRAISE OF CORDOVA, WRITTEN FROM GRANADA.

Ye lofty walls and towers, exalted hold
Of Honour, Princely State, and Knightly Worth,
Where Guadalquivir, like a king, goes forth,
Of nobler name than streams with sands of gold;
And thou, fair plain, and stately mountains old,
Which heaven indulgent hangs with wreaths of light;
My land for ever loved, in glory bright,
The Muses' bower, and nurse of warriors bold:
If e'er amidst these wrecks and spoils of Time,
Where Genil's arrowy waves and Darro roar,
Thy memory fill not still my mind's glad eye;
Banish me Fate for such forgetful crime
From thy fair towers and river rolling by,
Thy palmy plain, thy glens and mountains hoar.

V. THE BUD AND THE BLOSSOM.

If Love, too young erewhile on wing to rise,
My freeborn heart enthrall'd, what rescue now,
Sweet lady, when in strength, with shafts and bow,
He keeps his watch in ambush of those eyes?
Erewhile in Spring's young violets, serpent-wise
He stung me; now, where Summer-lilies blow:
The beauty of thy dawn's first orient glow
Beams brightening still like sunlight in thy skies.
That light my voice shall hail with plaintive tone,
Like nightingale, whom prison-cage embars,
Whose sweetness half subdues his notes of moan,
And tell each listening ear: "A Spirit flown
From heaven, like Morn with diadem of stars,
Makes birds to sing, and lovers mourn undone."

VI. THE SIRENS.

Young mariner, of hope so bold and gay,
Venturing, with vessel trim and halyards strong,
To courtly deeps, by Sirens' treacherous song
More haunted than the famed Campanian bay:
Forego thine oars, and either hand close lay
To thine endanger'd ears:—thou sail'st along,
Where, worse than hidden rocks and quicksands, throng

Bright forms, whose voices steal men's souls away.
That strain, whose glorious tones with sweetness swell,
Breathing of youthful hope, or valour's praise,
O hear it not;—it is thine own death-knell.
Fly from the witch, who, while her harp she plays,
Moves rocks, stays winds and waters by her spell:
Gaze not; to hear is death,—'tis death to gaze.

VII. LOVE SONNET.

While to contend in brightness with thy hair
The burnish'd gold in sunlight strives in vain;
While thy calm forehead's whiteness may disdain
The lily of the field, less pure, less fair;
And thy fresh parting lips with hues more rare
Tempt the rash gazer's eye, than e'er at morn
Hang on the young carnation flower new-born,
Nor ivory's gloss may with thy neck compare:
Enjoy thy hour, neck, ringlets, lips, and brow;
Ere yet the glories of this age of gold,
The fine ore, lily, pink, and crystal sheen
Turn pale and dim; and Time with Fingers cold
Rifle the bud and bloom; and they, and thou,
Be number'd with the things that once have been.

See Note.

VIII. LOVE SONNET.

Now that the plain more cheerly smiles to greet
The ruddy sun's return, the cope withdrawn
That veil'd his face in showers, and from the lawn
The nightingale makes prelude low and sweet:
Young minstrel, take thy noble harp; 'tis meet,
Thy skill of sounds should my rude verse adorn,
Rude verse, of my poor rustic fancy born;
Yet far from courtly feigning or deceit,
Love-taught, and by the Muse inspired. O wake
The strings, and sing with me my shepherd-maid;
As birds that welcome up the new-born day,
We'll join, my bass, thy tenor; till we make
The grave swans, where they bathe, or build in shade,
To flock with their mute choirs to hear our lay.

IX. THE NIGHTINGALE DISTRUSTED.

That Nightingale with such sweet varied note,
With such soft gushing music, mourns and wails,
As if a hundred other nightingales
Were piping all their sorrows through his throat:
As though he had alone a brief to do't,
And meant to cite each spirit of the dales,
From bud and bough to hearken to his tales,

Those grim old tales, whereof Dan Ovid wrote.
Enough: for I misdoubt that tuneful moan,
Those shakes and trills; they are not all sincere,
When those who make them still can peck and fly:
He, whom his stern Medusa turns to stone
By fixed disdain, sings not, but sheds the tear
Of speechless woe, despairing doom'd to die.

X. THE TIMELY RETREAT.

Ne'er yet from hidden rock did shattered barque
Make for the port with such repentant haste,
Nor trembling bird to sheltering thicket dark,
From sight of net by treacherous fowler placed;
Nor startled maiden e'er so quick retraced
Her joyous steps across the smiling lawn,
If, where the turf with careless tread she paced,
Her glance had spied an adder's coil close-drawn;
As I, O Love, fly from that wayward mood,
Those locks of gold, and eyes, that like a spell
Were on me, while for grace I vainly sued,
Ere from my rescued life the fetters fell:
Farewell, bright path with secret pitfalls strewed,
Hard rock, false net, and smiling lawn, farewell.

XI. ELEONORE.

After the ruddy Morn, the golden Sun
Came proudly from the portals of the East,
The Morn's bright brow with rosy wreath was drest,
The Sun his crown of radiant fire had on:
The birds, with joyous cheer, or tender moan,
With notes of plaintive care, or shrill delight,
Greeted, as is their wont, the day's young light,
Ere from the mead dawn's freshening breeze was flown:
When she, whose voice's music might endue
The winds with body, the dumb rocks with breath,
Singing came forth, the peerless Eleonore;
Then were the birds all still,—bright Morn withdrew,
At her approach,—You doubt it? By my faith,
I heard the birds, and saw the Morn, no more.

XII. THE WREATH OF FIELD FLOWERS.

When first o'er Eastern mountains march'd the Day,
Afield to rifle flowers my Lady went:
But where her steps the lovely spoiler bent,
The laughing plain bore flowers more fresh and gay.
The jocund Wind, that woke at dawn to play,
Toy'd with her golden tresses, wand'ring free;
Such motion stirs the bright-leaved poplar tree,

Waving and sparkling in Morn's ruddy ray.
But when from her full lap a wreath she drew
To bind her fairest forehead, where the snow
Parts from beneath those threads of golden twine;
I'll swear, the garland-gems more radiance threw,
Though made of mortal flow'rs, than those that glow
Set in heaven's starry Crown of lustres nine.

XIII. THE MIRROR IN THE BROOK.

Clearest of waters, bright and beauteous rill,
Whose silvery stream steals calmly on, outspread
O'er the green herbs that line thy summer-bed,
Scarce heard to flow with gushing soft and still:
While she, whose frown hath power my heart to chill,
Whose smile lights up its fires, in thee would trace
The mirror'd image of that roseate face,
And brow, whose snow defies all limner's skill,—
While on thy bank she lingers, stay, oh stay,
With gentlest pause, nor loose the wavy rein,
Whose curb holds back thy crystal's hurrying flow:
It is not well, her shape to bear away
Too soon to that Grand Seignior of the main,
Whose mermaid-harem no such form can shew.

See Note.

XIV. MORNING.

Shine forth, thou golden Sun, with rays adorn
The proud crest of yon mountain dark and bare,
And with the gentle breath of sweetest air
Follow the rosy steps of fairest morn.
To Zephyr and to Flora give free rein,
And, as it is thy royal wont, repair
The world with joy; thy radiance bid it wear,
Silvering the sea, and gilding all the plain.
That all these fragrant meadows, newly shorn,
May burst anew with flowers, when she appears,
For whom I ask thy influence; but, if she
Come not, be crested mountain dark for me,
Let Morning's rosy steps be dimm'd with tears,
Nor gold or silver field or flood adorn!

XV. DREAMS.

Fond Fancy, that, denied thy lady's grace,
Hast turn'd my chamber to a cell of care;
Sleep's castle-warder, faithless to thy place,
Sheltering the wasteful thoughts that revel there:
Since to my waking mind thou dost but trace
That firm-knit arching brow, that still doth wear
Its look of pride, that bright tormenting face

Of sweet disdain, so stern, and yet so fair:
Bethink thee, Sleep is Love's Stage-manager;
And when he bids, the jocund Dreams make play,
Footing his baseless theatre in air:
Go, court him; and that form, that face of May,
His fairy sprites shall raise: and mine shall be
Two boons, to sleep, and that bright form to see.

XVI. TEARS AND SIGHS: THE LADY'S.

Like to the glittering drops, at break of dawn,
Spangling with fair white beads the fair white rose,
Or fringe of pearls, which o'er pale crimson lawn,
Wrought by nice art, a glancing radiance throws;
Such pearls my village maiden's eyes disclose;
Each several tear, sparkling with dewy ray,
Is like a shooting star, that darts and glows
Down those fair cheeks, as down heaven's milky way.
But when awhile she bids those tears to stay,
And from her bosom heaves a burning sigh,
Whose power the stubborn rocks might melt away,
Oh, fancy then how lost a thing am I,
Who am no stubborn rock, but wax that dies
Dissolved before bright tears and burning sighs!

XVII. TEARS AND SIGHS: THE POET'S.

I weep: sad weary sighs my bosom heaves;
My tears the poplar trunks with torrents drown;
My heart's strong gusts wake tremblings in the leaves,
Which once to strong Alcides gave a crown:
But, by conspiring winds in eddies blown,
The loose-drawn sighs are scattered far away:
The thirsty bark the flood of tears drinks down:
Vain sighs ill-spent, and tears more vain than they!
Till my moist eyes no more their tribute pay,
Dried up as by some fairy hand unseen;
Such powers in chequer'd shades with sunbeams play:
And my fierce human foe, with angel-mien,
Believes not aught of all the pain I bear,
Because the signs appear not. Is that fair?

XVIII.

Check not thy gallant fancy; give it room
To mount and fly; the daring boy of old
Fail'd not of glorious fame, though o'er him roll'd
The clear blue deep whose name records his tomb:
Spread to the gentle breeze the mantling plume;
Spurn the dull sea of fear with waters cold;
Spring forth and soar; thy free flight upward hold,

To that fair golden sphere, whose flames consume
All meaner powers of wing: there wheel and play,
And make thy points, like towering falcon, where
Jove's eagle boasts to purge his visual ray.
What though the wax be melted in the glare?
The praise survives: by sea and shore and bay
Live the brave names of souls that love and dare.

XIX. JOURNEYING IN RAINY WEATHER.

Pale storm-clouds justling throng'd the gates of morn,
The headstrong winds howl'd round me as I went,
Towers fell, from turret to foundation rent,
By bursting floods from Earth's dark entrails torn:
Bridges, snapt short, like brittle reeds, were borne
Down the swoll'n torrent-streams, that seem'd to grow,
Till thought no more could fathom their deep flow,
Whose strength their mountain-barriers held in scorn.
It seem'd as though the Deluge were once more
Returning; men on sturdiest beech or pine
Were climbing, there from watery fate to flee;
Shepherds, with dogs and cattle, huts and store,
Were floating. Dost thou ask, what fears were mine?
I fear'd not, Lady; for I thought on thee.

XX. THE LADY IN ORANGE-TAWNY.

With that fierce hue, wherewith dame Nature's care
The lion's shaggy surcoat hath endued,
Among the savage tribes that haunt the wood
So graced the lordly diadem to wear,
I saw adorn'd a scornful lady fair:
The strange wild hue bespoke so fierce a mood,
That, till her beauty's radiant face I view'd,
I look'd to see some Libyan monster there.
But when I gazed upon that face so bright,
Methought, for such a prize stout Hercules
Might well his guise have changed, nor reck'd of scorn,
And deem'd his sinewy limbs, for so he might,
E'en while he sat the housewife's wool to tease,
The Nemean lion's colours still had worn.

XXI. TO THE GUADALQUIVIR.

Lord of the subject floods, so strong, so fair,
Bright heir of fame, of waters crystalline,
Whose brows a garland rude of sturdy pine
Hath girdled, and thy wavy-streaming hair;
Where from thy rock-built nest in cavern bare
Thou leavest cold Segura's mountain-side,
And, proudly foaming, royally dost ride

To Andalusian vales and summer air:
Tell me, while on thy fruitful banks I stray,
Rapt with thy wondrous beauty, yet with awe,
That bids my feet thy bright sands softly press;
Of all the village-maidens fair as day,
Imaged in thee, if e'er thy waters saw
A grace to vie with Clara's loveliness.

XXII. JEALOUSY.

Thou racking cloud, troubling life's quiet sky;
Thou fury of the pit, with serpents bred,
That, like the coiling adder, makest thy bed
In scented mead, where Spring's sweet nurselings lie;
Thou venom cold, that bid'st all gladness fly
From Love's fresh nectar; sword, that, high on thread
Uphung, dost break the feast of joy outspread;
Harsh curb, at whose strong check the spirits die;
Sworn foe of smiling grace, so deadly pale,
Hence to thy sullen birthplace, if yet room
Be found for thee, where Death and Horror dwell:
But room thou wilt not find in that dark jail:
Those pains, which no self-torment can consume,
Those lingering pains, outgrow the poet's hell.

See Note.

XXIII. TO JUAN RUFO.

Dear Townsman, if my Lady's grace inspire
Thy polish'd verse,—my Lady fair and bright,—
In whose fine mortal shroud Love's vestal fire
Burns, as in crystal lamp the temple's light;
Thy fame shall reach the Muse's living height,
Gladdening true hearts with Truth's exalting lays;
Nor Envy's freezing breath thy crown shall bite,
Twined with no fading leaf of verdant bays,
But lasting as the stars' undying rays.
Then to thy sweet-toned shell her beauty sing
In music,—sweetest theme makes sweetest praise:
And stocks and stones, herb, plant, and living thing,
Spell-bound to hear the entrancing strain will throng,
Thine the clear voice,—of her thy magic song.

XXIV. LOVE SONNET.

Though to the rock of faith thy barque be moor'd,
In beauty and in pride with cords of gold,
While on calm shores soft rippling waves are roll'd,
And peace is on the sea, and joy on board;
Though light-wing'd gales, as Zephyrus gives the word,
Play gently with the white shroud's drooping fold,
And prosp'rous anchorage, by kind stars foretold,

Wait thy long toil, in quiet road assured:
Yet have I seen the sand so bleach'd with bones
Of poor unhousel'd lovers brave and young,
Who thought on Love's false deep to sail secure;
That still I fear the waves may do thee wrong,
Unless thou charm them with Arion's tones,
Or vie in skill with stedfast Palinure.

See Note.

XXV. EPITAPH ON SHORT-LIVED FRIENDSHIP.

Here lies a short-lived Friendship, by hard fare
Cut off; its like no more on earth shall dwell:
In such ungentle Fortune's hands it fell;
So did its sickly childhood pine with Care:
Yet was it born free Fancy's generous heir;
But out of grace with Love, it thrived not well;
And Envy's glance, all venom, like a spell,
That in its cradle watch'd it, slew it there.
So here in narrow grave its bones are laid,
Like ill-starr'd babe's, that dies before its time;
But lasting verse its memory shall adorn:
The sad sepulchral blazon cannot fade;
Firm are the lines, when Sorrow carves the rhyme,
Deep-working on the marble heart of Scorn.

XXVI. THE MOTH.

The Moth, no coward, no, but blindly rash,
  Darts with its tiny plumage on the flame,
As though the steadfast glow or fiery flash
  Were to the Phenix and to moths the same:
  Poor insect! thus bold pride must end in shame:
Lured by the tempting rays, at every turn
  Near and more near it plays its venturous game,
To find, that brightness, while it shines, can burn;
And now it sinks into its funeral urn,
  Wrapp'd round as with a shroud of glorious light,
As though by daring choice such vest was worn.
  Let me be warn'd, who court a foe less bright,
Less fierce, perchance, than fire; but lightest things
Turn men to tinder, if they catch their wings.

See Note.

XXVII. TO A ROSE.

Born yesternight, to die to-morrow's morn!
  Who gave thee being for so brief a day?
  For such a span of life, thy air is gay;
For such mock state, thy hues are proudly worn!
Let not thy beauty tempt to idle scorn:
  Soon will it vanish, like thin dreams, away,

For in that beauty lurks the worm, decay,
Born in that hour when first thy bloom was born.
When some strong hand hath pluck'd thee,—such must be
Thy fate by field or grove,—all after-strife
Will cease beneath the wind's first ruffling breath:
Keep close, poor Flower: some tyrant waits for thee
Put off thy budding birth to save thy life;
For e'en thy being is forestall'd by death.

LOVE SONNET.

BY FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE.

Fair is my love, when to the summer air
She doth her locks of tangled gold unbind;
Fair, when, relenting to my heart's despair,
She bids her stern eyes grant one glance more kind;
Fair, when, to still the troubled waves and wind,
She bids that light break forth, which I adore;
Fair, when her gentlest grace of heavenly mind
Hath turn'd to joy the pining grief I bore:
Fair in her mildness; fair, though harsh, before;
Fair, cruel; fair, disdainful; fair, still fair,
E'en when my heaven seems gloom for evermore;
But her fair smile of beauty debonaire
Can ne'er be known, till seen in its own light;
Nor, seen, can word or thought report it right.

See Note.

SONNET.

BY LOPE DE VEGA.

Dear books! the man who knows you, and hath tried,
How can he be unhappy? Though he want
Great patron's favour, and, of grace too scant,
Fame to her shrine free entrance hath denied;
Yet the free soul with you in regions wide
May stray, the ranging mind no fears can daunt,
When from the crowd profane, it seeks the haunt
Retired, where Truth and ardent Virtue guide.
Let him, who will, life's succours vainly ply
For gold, for ease, for pleasure, doom'd to moan,
Whose hopes must with his dying idols die:
Thou, generous Study, friend in counsel known,
Alone the heart's deep thirst canst satisfy:
For thee I live, would die with thee alone.

STANZAS.

FROM THE FRAGMENT OF A HUNTING MASQUE.

The merry hunters wind the jarring horn,
The woodland echoes wake to mock the sound;
The managed falcons mount on winds upborne,
The glades are scour'd with many a deep-mouth'd hound;
Through the bright stillness of the liquid morn
The birds are hovering, darting, wheeling round;
The dogs, of foreign breed, in chase well tried,
Track with low nose the heathery mountain's side.

The silvery egret, which, at break of day,
With red legs in the dark burn all alone
Stood fix'd, with purple bill her feathers gay
Upon her soft breast pruning one by one,
And the poor stag, amidst the woods grown gray,
Old as the trees,—each for no trespass done
This day must die, the fowl by falcon's claws,
The deer beneath the gazehound's ravening jaws.

The very discord of the sounds that rise
Strikes the glad ear as one harmonious sound,
The crash of jarring horn, the falcon's cries,
The neigh of tramping steed, the baying hound;
The hawk's shrill bell adds music, as she tries
Fluttering from hood and jess to spring unbound
Sweetly they blend on woodland echoes borne,
Horse, hawk, and ringing bell, and hound, and horn

HUNTING AND HAWKING.

FROM CALDERON DE LA BARCA'S COMEDY, "BASTA CALLAR."

We went, as we were wont, to ride,
To sport, and chase at eventide,
Beneath the mountain, on whose crest
The day's last lingering glories rest,
Gilding its rockbuilt barrier stern,
That parts Navarre from smiling Bearn.
We gave our willing steeds the rein,
And parted soon our troop in twain,
As each made choice, to prove their might
In boar-chase, or with falcon's flight
To bring the towering hernshaw down.
Through woodland slopes and shadows brown
How brightly gleamed the slanting sun
On knights and ladies many a one!
We reached the brake: the verderer there
Had mark'd by night the wild boar's lair,
And there, in pool below the burn,
The falconer watched the lone gray hern,

Where mute from morn till eve she stood,
To prey on minnows from the flood.
There in that pleasant forest-glade
Brief halt and joyous pause we made:
For there in leash the baying hound
Was struggling on the scent to bound,
And there the hooded hawk on glove
With beak and fluttering pinions strove
To match the chime of deep-mouth'd yells
With music from her silver bells.
To break that pleasant dream of doubt,
An Irish dog of courage stout,
That snuff'd the loaded breeze, o'erbore
The boy that held his leash, or tore
The links asunder round his neck;
And, with a speed that brook'd no check,
Upon the track he flew: the rest
Were for his help perforce released.
The rooting boar, that heard the shout,
Forth from his plashy sedge broke out,
And sidelong sought the mountain-path,
Grinding his tusks, and foaming wrath,
Pursued by all the pack, allied
To pull him down, in rear, at side,
Tall grey-hounds, wolf-hounds loud in cry,
And blood-hounds fierce to bid him die.
Affrighted at the rush and roar
Dame Hern had left her poplar-shore,

And rising soar'd on heavy wing,
Wheeling, in many a spiral ring,
To reach the clouds: but watchful foes
Beheld and mark'd her as she rose.
Two strong gerfalcons from the hand
They launch'd, unstruck each jess and band,
The muffling hood in haste withdrew,
And gave the quarry full in view.
Then was there both in earth and air
At once a rivalry of war,
A counter-charm of gallant show
With hawks above and hounds below.
We waited which should first find end;
The boar with tusks so strong to rend,
Or hern, that rests on wing, to cheat
Her charging foe with quick retreat,
Or upward turns her wary bill
To gore him as he stoops to kill.
I rode that day a noble steed,
A chestnut of untiring speed,
Whose breast and haunches, fair to sight,
Were spotted o'er with spots of white.
On this fleet steed I would have gone
Where the bold boar-chase drew me on;
When down before my feet descended,
In one round mass of feathers blended,
Falcon and hern; they press'd the plain
Together, each in slaying slain.

But where was now that falcon's mate?
The bird had risen in pride of state,
And seem'd to sport in upper day
Rejoicing, ere he truss'd his prey.
There through the breezy tempest steering,
Down darting, upward glancing, veering,
Now poised aloft, and scarce in sight,
He stay'd to stoop from highest height:
But when he saw the prize was gone,
He shriek'd a shriek of jealous moan,
A cry of anger and despair
For his lost battle-field of air;
And with proud beak aloft, from view
Withdrawn, to heaven's wide waste he flew:
He heard no whistle, saw no lure;
For wrong'd ambition finds no cure.

V. POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOUR.

WHAT MAY BE, AND WHAT CANNOT BE.

That some brave knight in war-worn coat
Should wed a wife without a groat,
It well may be:
But that he would not change, when wed,
All love-tales for a loaf of bread,
It cannot be.

That some fair widow's softest sighs,
Scarce heard, at sermon time should rise,
It well may be:
But that she should not mean each sigh
To guide that way some wandering eye,
It cannot be.

That some old beau, at night all grey,
Should rise with bright brown locks next day,
It well may be:
But that a portent turn'd his hair,
And not cosmetic vinegar,
It cannot be.

That young Don Popinjay should swear
He dined on birds,—how good they were!
It well may be:
But that his toothpick's honour'd word
Should not say, salad, and no bird,
It cannot be.

That a dull father may not find
A bridegroom to his daughter's mind,
It well may be:
But that, ere spring time comes about,
She should not for herself look out,
It cannot be.

That learn'd in law must be the Don,
Who wears a Salamanca gown,
It well may be:
But that he owes to his degrees
His laced gloves, not to clients' fees,
It cannot be.

That he must be the gravest leech,
Who knows each rule his art can teach,
It well may be:
But that he should not be most skill'd,
Who has by rule most patients kill'd,
It cannot be.

That some fine gallant should discourse
With proverb apt, or pointed verse,
It well may be:
But that those flowers of prose or rhyme
Should not have bloom'd in print long time,
It cannot be.

That Lady Lackland with a tear
Her lover's tender lays may hear,
It well may be:
But that she would not melt more soon
To the plain prose of one doubloon,
It cannot be.

That our new Parson, just come down,
Was the best preacher known in town,
It well may be:
But that his fame had not been made
From stolen good things by others said,
It cannot be.

That oft, when curfew's done, guitars
Sound sweetly to the moon and stars,
It well may be:
But that it were not best to keep
The strings at rest when folks should sleep,
It cannot be.

That baggage-knave or soldier may
Desert his comrades on the quay,
It well may be:
But when the wandering rogue forlorn
Tells you, in war his coat was torn,
It cannot be.

That a wise man, like other men,
Should just for once a sonnet pen,
It well may be:
But that a man of sound advice
Should take to sonneteering twice,
It cannot be.

That a fair lady may do worse
Than wed a slow tongue and quick purse,
It well may be:
But that she should not find, ere long,
The purse turn slow, and quick the tongue,
It cannot be.

That the rich miser may make store,
And add to hundreds hundreds more,
It well may be:
But that his gentle heir as fast
Should not on thousands thousands waste,
It cannot be.

That some Narcissus, vainly nice,
Should think his neck in paradise,
    It well may be:
But that his body all the while
Is not in purgatory vile,
    It cannot be.

THE SHEPHERD'S EXPOSTULATION TO CUPID.

Hold thy hand, good purblind brother,
Spare thy darts, and shoot no more:
How shall I endure another,
Wounded through and through before?
Pity my distress'd condition;
Waste no more thy ammunition;
Hold thy hand, thy bow unstringing;
For the smarting and the stinging
Are beyond all mortal bearing;
I am dying and despairing.
See my breast, all feather'd over,
Where the shafts flew in like rain;
And the barbs my shoulders cover,
Where the points stick out again.

Ask me not to make long speeches:
Bid me go to wander free
In the shade of oaks and beeches,
Haunts for shepherd-lads like me.

When one hit the work will do,
Wherefore waste thy strength on two?
Were it but a needle's point,
I should thrill through every joint;
Though it might not stir a giant,
Little dwarfs like me may die on't;
Hurts may kill poor Gil and Blas,
Which are sport to Fierabras.

Those fierce shots, that never miss'd once,
  Stand so thick upon my skin,
Like hard mail they make resistance,
  Not one more can now fly in.
Take them back, as from a quiver,
Or thou art undone for ever:
For they now no more can wound me,
Falling weak as bird-bolts round me.
Thou must own, if thou art candid,
I have made thee empty-handed;
And my pains must now be ended,
As when things grow worst, they're mended.

THE COUNTRY-BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

Time was, ere Love play'd tricks with me,
I lived at ease, a simple Squire,
And sang my praise-song, fancy-free,
At matins in the village-quire.

A sportsman, through rough brake and bush,
With dog and gun I loved to roam
In chamois-suit;—my velvet-plush
I saved for best attire at home.

I rambled by the mountain side,
Down sylvan glades where streamlets pass
Unnumber'd, glancing, as they glide,
Like crystal serpents through the grass:

There chased my game, or trill'd my lay,
By running brook, or green-wood lair,
As each inspirer cross'd my way,
Sweet muse, or mewse of flying hare.

And home return'd at sober night,
  Peace rock'd asleep my careless brain;
If vexing night-flies spared to bite,
  Unvex'd by other biting pain.

At club-room frugal stakes I play'd,
  Too proud if Fortune gave success
To trump above our Town-Alcaide,
  Or check the Curate's hand at chess.

And there the state I ruled from far,
  And bade the winds to blow for me
In succour to our ships of war,
  That plough'd the Briton's rebel sea:

Oft boasting how the might of Spain
  The world's old columns far outran,
And Hercules must come again,
  And plant his barriers in Japan.

For Flanders then my counsels wise
  I gave, what charms that storm might still,
And oft by turns adjudged the prize
  To Alva's force, and Austria's skill.

Or with the Canon held disputes,
  Good man, of college-lore profound,
About Nebrixa's Hebrew roots,
  That ne'er would grow in Spanish ground:

Or, plunged in questions yet more deep,
We argued, till our stock was spent,
If folks the Church's fast could keep,
And eat asparagus, in Lent.

On market-days the stalls I view'd,
As men should do, whose income thrives;
Bought capons, if the show was good,
Or truffles for my neighbours' wives.

At every christening in the town
To ask my help the gossips came:
Their children call'd me Uncle John,
And babes in long-clothes lisp'd my name.

The spinsters wash'd and starch'd for me;
And where the broidery-work was done,
They bade me sit beneath the tree,
And thread their needles one by one.

And when they rode all trimly dress'd
To summer-holiday or fair,
Glad were the richest and the best
To claim me for their escort there.

I liked them all, but all as peers;
Like pretty myrtles in a row,
Kept down by gardener's prudent shears,
That none her fellows might outgrow.

Such was my life, ere Love at me
His bow in roving mischief bent,
And chose my guileless heart to be
His butt of restless discontent.

'Twas on St. Luke's soft quiet day,
A vision to my sight was borne,
Fair as the blooming almond-spray,
Blue-eyed, with tresses like the morn.

Such tresses and such eyes, I ween,
Too much for stronger souls had proved:
E'en gray old Nestor, had he seen
That beauty, had revived and loved.

Ah! then I saw what love could do,
The power that bids us fall or rise,
That wounds the firm heart through and through,
And strikes, like Cæsar, at men's eyes.

I saw, how dupes, that fain would run,
Are caught, their breath and courage spent,
Chased by a foe they cannot shun,
Swift as Inquisitor on scent.

I felt that barbarous civil war,
That kiss of peace with perjured faith,
The challenge given to tilt or spar,
Which ends in fight for life or death.

The form in adamant array'd,
At which with spears of reed we pass;
The swashing blow from temper'd blade,
That shivers our defence like glass.

The feast, like that old fabled king's,
By Harpies snatch'd; the bed of pain,
Where worse than rack the torment stings,
More wakeful than the startled crane.

O Love, the drudge that serves with thee
Thy promised wages still befool,
Exacting as an old grandee,
And paying,—as he pays his mule.

Yet I've a trick to cheat thy search,
And refuge find too long delay'd;
I'll take the vows of holy Church,
And seek some reverend cloister's shade.

Quit thy poor bow, or wreak thy wrath
On some unconsecrated pate:
The Church a deadlier weapon hath,
For she can excommunicate.

Yes, aim those shafts, as best befits,
On boobies, void of thought or dread,
Smart beaux, whose feather-headed wits
Crop out in feathers on their head.

The valiant scorn those idle stings:
Their eyes thou dar'st not gaze upon:
Thy plumes are but of tame-fowls' wings;
False braggart knave, begone, begone!

FEELING AND REVEALING.

They say, Love bids the lovesick heart
To feel, but not reveal, the smart:
Methinks 'twere better to reveal
At all events, but not to feel.
Yet Love's old statutes, all and some,
  Will tell you, if you read them over,
That he, who suffers mute and dumb,
  Will beat the fever, and recover.
But woe betide the lovelorn swain,
  Who dies a prey to rules and forms,
And keeps the secret of his pain,
  Pent in his bowels, for the worms.

I own I never understood
  The wisdom of those silent groans
In men of mortal flesh and blood,
  Not quite so firm as stocks and stones.
Let Love's commands be what they may,
  I scorn my freeborn tongue to tie:
The heart that sighs, and dares not say,
  Is but a chicken-heart, say I.

I know, I shall be one day dragg'd,
  Like heretics of ill condition,
And, for unlicensed speaking, gagg'd
  In Love's high Court of Inquisition:
No matter,—when I'm hurt, I'll tell,
  I cannot choose but tell my mind:
The dumb sea leaves its dull dead swell,
  And moans beneath the cruel wind.

I know a pale-faced youth hard by,
  Who says he holds this faith profess'd,
That he stands best in Cupid's eye,
  Who keeps his heart's close secret best.
Poor stripling! I am sore afraid,—
  Such griping pain his inwards bear,—
He'll die without confession made,
  Rather than blame his fair unfair.
No, bid the pining lovesick heart
To feel, but not reveal, the smart:
I hold it better to reveal
At all events, but not to feel.

LOVE IN REASON.

I love thee; but let love be free:
I do not ask,—I would not learn,—
What scores of rival hearts for thee
Are breaking, or in anguish burn.

You die to tell,—but leave untold
The story of your Red-Cross Knight,
Who proffer'd mountain-heaps of gold,
If he for you might ride and fight:

Or how the jolly soldiers gay
Would wear your colours, all and some;
But you disdain'd their trumpets' bray,
And would not hear their tuck of drum.

No jealousy shall vex my brains:
My grandam warn'd me, for my good:
"Beware that sullen witch, who drains
Young suckling lovers' baby-blood."

We love; but 'tis the simplest case;
The faith, on which our hands have met,
Is fix'd, as wax on deeds of grace,
To hold as grace, but not as debt.

For well I wot, that now-a-days
Love's conquering bow is soonest bent
By him, whose valiant hand displays
The largest roll of yearly rent.

Venus has changed her mode of life:
No more a laughter-loving goddess,
She dresses like a banker's wife
In Genoese black hood and boddice:

And Cupid, tired of old misrule
With Mars's drummer-boys and fifers,
Behind a counter on a stool
Sits plodding o'er a sum in ciphers:

A tailor's suit he learns to wear,
With wings of pointed lace he flies;
And he, who once could live on air,
Now sups on turkeys and mince-pies.

So let us follow in the fashion;
Let love be gentle, mild, and cool:
For these are not the days of passion,
But calculation's sober rule.

Your grace will cheer me like the sun ;
But I can live content in shades :
Take me,—you'll find, when all is done,
Plain truth, and fewer serenades.

GIVE ME WARM LIFE AND SPIRITS FREE.

Give me warm life, and spirits free,
To mock the world that mocks at me.

Let those, who climb on Glory's wings,
Rule the wide earth and all its kings:
For me, upon a lowlier throne,
I'll rule a kingdom all my own;
Each morn on simple table spread
Fresh butter and sweet household bread;
And while, in Winter's driving storms
Mild lemon-punch my heart's blood warms,
Ensconced beneath a safe roof-tree
I'll mock the world that mocks at me.

Let lordlings feast in envied state
At boards that groan with gorgeous plate:
A sad physician, spectral Care,
Stands waiting on that golden fare,
Embittering all its lavish cost:
For me, whene'er I play the host,
The savoury sausage, neatly dress'd

By glowing fire, shall cheer my guest,
Poor as myself, but fancy-free
To mock the mocking world with me.

And when white-bearded Janivere
With silvery snow hangs bush and briar,
And ice is on the mountain-brow,
In chafing-dish good store I'll throw
Of beech or chestnut-fruits, nor fail
To win some neighbour's merry tale,—
Still merry, though the theme be sad,—
Of kings, who in old days went mad,
Who now are dead, and leave me free
To mock the world that mocks at me.

Far let the venturous merchant run,
To change the clime, and change the sun,
And seek in cold or torrid zone
For pearly shell or Indian stone:
The shells and shining stones for me
Are those beneath the poplar-tree,
That pave the fountain dark and clear,
Where oft the nightingale I hear:
Come, merchant, to the poplar-tree,
And mock the cheating world with me.

Let bold Leander wake to brave
In darksome night the foaming wave,

And seek his bride across the sea :
But quiet married men, like me,
Dry-shod on stepping-stones go down
To Madrigal from Yepes-Town,
O'er the calm ford, whose waters move
Soft as the idle hours of love,
And murmuring through the peaceful lea
Mock the mad world that mocks at me.

ADVICE TO MOORISH BALLAD-MONGERS.

Lockhart, in the preface to his "Ancient Spanish Ballads," refers to these lines, and quotes several of the stanzas, but without mentioning the name of Gongora as the poet who wrote them. The Moorish Ballads, to which Gongora testifies his dislike, were chiefly the productions of Spanish gentlemen of his own age, and subsequent to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. See Ochoa, Romancero, p. 364. It seems to be only a groundless fancy of Lockhart's to suppose that any of these ballads were of Moorish original. See this fancy, which may have been borrowed from Conde, entirely set aside by Ticknor, vol. i. 100, 1.

A boon, sweet poets, let me ask :
A truce with all your mock-romances ;
Go, bid your heathen Moors unmask,
And end their dismal morris-dances.

Let Selim and Don Gazul both
Troop to their own Tartarian banners :
Mahound and Termagaunt are wroth
With you for poaching on their manors.

Give me a galliard, airy dance,
Fit for tall knights and courtly ladies ;
And let your gipsy girls go prance
In lands beyond the straits of Cadiz.

Upon the bench our grave Alcaide
  Is for the law extremely jealous,
And asks, what ship to Spain convey'd
  This smuggled crew of pagan fellows.

The Act forbids, his worship says,
  Your Zaidas, Abdals, and Noureddins,
Under the clause of waifs and strays,
  To sing and dance at masques or weddings.

In short, to make my meaning plain,
  I needs must call it gross effrontery
To treat the soil of faithful Spain
  As if it were no Christian country.

Have you not each a Christian name
  From your godfathers and godmothers?
What heretic will not cry, shame,
  When miscreant Moors you take for brothers?

The poor Moriscoes at this time
  May well reprove your rhyme's unfitness:
Think of the decalogue; 'tis crime
  E'en against Moors to bear false witness.

Zara and Fatima on stalls
  Raisins and figs for sale are setting,
While in the Alhambra's marble halls
  Your verse describes them pirouetting.

Old Ali earns a frugal wage,
His palm-leaved mats or baskets making;
While to his stride of noble rage
You say the tented fields are quaking.

You talk of Zegri's warlike mood:
Poor drudge! you'll find him toiling early,
And pleased, when he has dug a rood,
With sixpence and a meal of barley.

And Almadan has tired his wrists
With asses turning wheels for water;
While you display him in the lists
Breaking his lance with sons of slaughter.

Stout Muza rides in silver lace,
You say, to court some Moorish Helen:
In fact, he's in the market-place,
On tray his oily fritters selling.

What? If you want a sounding name,
Can History give a prouder, fairer,
Than brave Bernardo's, heir of fame,
The dread of Moors, the Frenchman's terror?

Or where's the country that can shew
Such sons in glory to maintain her,
As our strong Arias Gonzalo,
Or gallant Cid, that stout campaigner?

Or he, that born in later days
The boast of our victorious land is,
My townsman, first in acts of praise,
Immortal Gonzalo Fernandez?

Or those, whose deeds in memory dwell,
With Valour's living wreaths surrounded,
By whose brave arms Granada fell,
And baffled Paynims fled confounded?

Instead of these, with cricket cries
Of old Alhambra tales you babble,
As if the Muse in beggar's guise
Must tramp amidst such Moorish rabble.

Give Fancy range: her choice is free;
Take Trojan, Tyrian, Tuscan, Sabine;
Old outlaws under greenwood tree,
Or shepherds in Arcadian cabin.

Consuls from Rome will hear her call,
Or Charlemagne his peers will send her:
Build Carthage,—man Saguntum's wall,—
Revive Numantia's hour of splendour.

But rest, my pen: so thick a spell
Beclouds these wits, no skill can rend it:
When ignorance invincible
Gives bliss, 'tis too unkind to end it.

THE FLOOD OF THE TAGUS.

A word with thee, grand Tagus ;—
  Say why, in wrath and pride,
Thy stream rolls down, to plague us,
  This deluge wild and wide?

What moves thy spleen at princes?
  Thy work is with the clown,
Watering his groves of quinces
  By old Toledo town.

Thy boast is in the wonder
  Of Rome's imperial sway,
Where flow thy deep waves under
  That high o'erarching way,

Where might in age reposes,
  By Spaniards noised as far,
As trumpet-sounds of noses
  In Winter's hoarse catarrh.

Long live that strength and beauty,
By poets vaunted higher,
Than chimes in Sunday duty
Rung out from belfry spire.

For thee the vocal Muses
More hue and cry have made,
Than market-beadle uses
For cattle stolen or strayed.

By Nature thou art gifted,
They say, with sands of gold:
But let those sands be sifted,
And truth may then be told.

They call thee sacred river:
I grant the reason why,
Because thy course is ever
In Spain's Archbishop's eye.

But from hard Cuenca's mountain
Thy rills first rise to day,
From dribbling stony fountain
Forth trickling as they may.

And year by year, in guerdon
Of thy young sins, a load
Of pines, a growing burden,
Weighs down thy shoulders broad.

Remembering this, be modest;
For 'tis a monstrous thing,
When wastefully thou floodest
The gardens of Spain's King.

So may men's eyes with wonder
Gaze, where thy waters fall
With arrowy speed, whose thunder
Shakes rock and castle wall;

Or where in peace delaying
They spread like lakes at rest,
And snow-white swans are playing
Upon thy tranquil breast;

Or where in highland forest
The dun deer drink thy spray,
Where thou thy rills outpourest
As wild and free as they.

See Note.

GALICIA.

Galician moors and mountains rude,
Ye thickets, thick with mire and mud,
Ye tangled brakes, where slough and brier
By turns the toiling wanderer tire,
Ye headlands, o'er whose jagged line
The labouring sunbeam ne'er can shine,
Whose cope of brooding clouds debars
All aspect of the smiling stars;
Mountains and men, my Muse were loath
To wrong you, but would paint you both.
Thou Sil, whose crystal waters flow
With lazy motion, soft and slow,
From well-head deep beneath the cove
With walnut crown'd and chestnut grove,
Not without cause your voice complains,
In murmurs, of your native swains,
Dull boors, whose graceless loveless mood
Prefers a dram to your pure flood,
And of their unwash'd wives and daughters,
Whose faces scorn your cleansing waters.
Ye log-built inns, so dim and dark,
Lodgings of beasts, like Noah's ark,

Whence, answering to the traveller's knocks,
Looks out, for host, a bellowing ox;
Within your doors, a wayworn guest,
One luckless day I sought for rest:
In vain; with aching limbs and head
A flood of bitter tears I shed.
Did sad repentance bid them rise,
Or cabin's reek, that fill'd my eyes?

Ye womankind, whose sinewy arms
Work not the samplers, but the farms,
Who tame your suitors on the roads,
Not with love-glances, but ox-goads;
Let never scandal dare asperse
The whiteness of your characters:
Each tender nymph is built so strong,
Her foot may guard her face from wrong;
But, faith, she has no need to do't,
The face will rather guard the foot.

Galician gallants, burly beaux,
In cloaks of frize, and russet hose,
Who frolic in some blithe saloon,
Where gloves and graces are unknown,—
Not that my frugal Muse approves
Madrid's laced pumps and scented gloves,—
But let your merit bear its meed;
Not Genoa's lank and meagre breed,
Nor all Italia's swarthy sons,
Can vie with you for grand cheek-bones.

THE SPANISH SCHOOLBOY'S HOLIDAY.

This trifle was put out by Gongora anonymously; and, its childish humour making it immediately popular, much enquiry was made after the author. The poet amused himself with this curiosity by writing an ironical description of his own person and character in the same easy metre; which was also popular, but is somewhat too long, and otherwise less suited to our purpose.

The games of Spanish children, like those of children in other countries, consist much of imitations of more manly sports, or exercises of grown people. The mock bull-fight, in which a boy wears a rude mask over the head imitating a bull's head and horns, may still be met with in the towns of the Peninsula.

Sister Mary, to-morrow,—
'Tis holiday rule,—
You don't go to Dame's apron,
Nor I to my school.

Your skirt and trim boddice,—
Your best,—you must wear;
Laced tucker, and kerchief,
And net for your hair.

I too will be bonny;
My shirt shall be new,
My hose of fine stammel,
My jacket of blue;

And I'll wear, if the sun shines,
My hunting-cap brave,
Which, the first day of Easter,
My grandmother gave;

And the ruby neck-ribband
So charming and rare,
The fairing my gossip
Brought home from the fair.

We must first go to mass;
There the church we shall see:
Then a holiday penny
My aunt has for me,

My good aunt, who presides
At the crockery-store;—
It will buy such a dinner
We ne'er had before:

We shall find at the cook-wife's,
Who stews, and who bakes,
Such plate-fulls of chick-peas,
And cinnamon-cakes!

Then, when twilight is near,
Through the Square we will stroll;
I will play with my bull-mask,
And you with your doll.

Your two sisters will come
To make mirth in the throng,
Madalena, Juana,
Both merry and young;

And your cousins in pairs,
Mariquita the sly,
And the girl who looks fun
From the cast in her eye.

If mother, to help us,
The castanets bring,
To the sound of our dancing
The doorway shall ring;

While Andrela, poor kitten,
Shall prove by her mew,
That not all which is sung
To the tambour is true,

Keeping time with her ditty
Of pitiful mood,
O mother, your simples
Can do me no good.

Then I'll make of stiff pasteboard
My tournament-suit,
Coat-harness, blood-spotted
With mulberry fruit;

And I'll wear my tall hat,
From whose turreted crown,
The plume of black feathers
Will wave up and down,

The spoil of the proud cock,
Which once in the yard
We pelted at Shrove-tide
With oranges hard.

On a cane-staff high-mounted
My banner I'll bear,
With fringe and white tassels
That dance in the air;

And I'll have my gay charger,
My cock-horse of cane,
With its head of gilt leather
And twine for the rein:

With thirty fine fellows
All mounted we'll ride,
And astonish the town
With our prancing and pride.

Our tiltyard shall be
Near the gate of the Square:
Pretty little Bartola,
My beauty, lives there;

Pretty little Bartola,
The baker-wife's daughter,
Who makes short-cake as well
As the mother who taught her,

And sweet butter'd crumpets
She brings from her store,
When we play hide and seek
In the sconce of the door.

TWELVE SONNETS.

I. COMMODITY, THAT BREAKS THE PATE OF FAITH.

While poor Constantio sighs and weeps and pines,
And for her love his heart's dear blood would shed,
His faithless flame for money means to wed
A shrivell'd Indian, rich as Indian mines.
What marvel, if bright coin poor worth outshines?
The rich old pelican is better sped,
Who stuffs his pouch, than one who waits unfed,
And pecks his bleeding breast, and never dines.
Commodity, of round cat's eyes, all gold,
Hath hit her with doubloons; from well-stored purse
Such shafts, like fish-spears, where they strike take hold.
Poor purblind Love must break his bow of force:
For five score pieces Moors their forts have sold:
Why then should women fight, and fare the worse?

II. MUSIC FOR KNIGHTHOOD'S EAR.

"Bring Music," cried a grand wise son of Mars,
Whose sires were glorious in the Cid's old tale:
Two minstrels came, and tuned their trim guitars,
Rigg'd out much like a foremast in full sail.
They sang of two fierce Moors, whose rival jars
A friend had hitch'd in rhyme, nor thought it stale,
Mad for some certain grey eyes;—through the bars
'Twas like a jealous tom-cat's midnight wail.
In short 'twas ballad metre,—no mistake:
No doubt his knighthood understood the strain,
If while 'twas play'd, his senses were awake:
And that they were, the sequel made most plain;
For when the stave was finish'd, thus he spake:
"That Sonnet," so he call'd it, "once again!"

III. RIDING TO THE TOURNAMENT.

Put on your gay attire:—the lists are drawn:—
Black hat with plumes high waving, crimson-dyed;
Buff coat and sleeves with slashes white and wide,
Yet not so wide as my lord Bishop's lawn;
And on your arm your lady's favour tied;
Device and legend fair upon your shield;
Bright mounted sabre, such as heroes wield;
Boots new and edged with silver; mount and ride

On your Valencian charger, groom'd so well,
With housings that surpass all Barbary-land,
With lance that brooks no changeling, but will stand
Encounters such as Amadis befel:
With studied unconcern keep firm your seat:—
And now, pray heaven, no dog may cross the street.

See Note.

IV. THE FLOOD OF THE MANZANARES.

Have mercy, Manzanares! out, alas!
Have mercy on that bridge! For, people say,
A bridge so wide might let the Gulf-stream pass
While half an arch might give thy current way.
How proudly swoln comes down thy watery mass,
Which late, as in the Dog-days, lowly lay!
Now, in the name of him, whose scheme it was
To scour the town with chicory, and convey
The drench to thee,—why this unusual height?
Why this amazing change to bliss from bale,
Why now in glory, then in penal pain?
—Well, if you'll keep the secret, yesternight
The laundry-nymphs up-stream each fill'd her pail,
To-day they've thrown the soap-suds out again.

See Note.

V. HARD FARE AT CUENCA.

To Cuenca, town of rocks and stony valleys,
A wanderer came, with hunger sore bestead;
And gain'd dry biscuit, when he ask'd for bread,
Hard as afflicts poor martyrs in the galleys:
An angel brought this dole, refined in malice,
Cruel as fair; she might as soon have fed
His need with fragments from the flint-worn bed,
Where Jucar tumbles down through greenwood alleys.
"No more of biscuit; give me stones," he said;
"Perchance your townsmen live upon such commons:
Time scarce could do with cliffs what they have done:
Or have these headlands seen Medusa's head,
Like Atlas old, and thou, whose form is woman's,
Art some rock-fairy, in and out all stone?"

See Note.

VI. PEDRO DE ANGULO, AND HIS BULL.

Pedro, my friend, I went this summer's morn
To see your bull. Alas! the brute might rather
Consort with mules, a jack-ass own for father;
For fight in plain he ne'er was bred or born.

No ox more slow, with ploughman's task outworn,
Plods home at night, poor drudge of labouring man,
Than he came in, of courage all forlorn;—
I left him at our city's barbican.
Take not your charger's shoes off: not one nail
The cause is worth: I judge, as tanners use,
Who test the hides they deal in by the tail.
A gentler beast ne'er trod the grassy dews:
Too mild for portly Mayor, his dull round eyes
Might grace a Country-Chairman of Assize.

See Note.

VII. MEN AND THINGS AT COURT.

Grandees as sleek as elephants of Siam,
Broad as the sow-rhinoceros, firm as flint,
And just as bounteous, liberal without stint
Of gracious words,—further you need not try 'em:
Fine clothes from dealers' shops that mend and dye 'em:
Young faces bold and bare, old crones in lawn:
Coaches of eight, to draw, or to be drawn,—
Including cattle bought, and beasts that buy 'em:
Poor briefless pleaders, souls that dwell in pain,
While buff and boots make laws, and judge them too,
Right's doubtful scale with sword or dagger striking:
Close homes and hearts, whose godliness is gain:
Blank whited walls, with tithe of mint and rue:—
This is the Court: I hope 'tis to your liking.

VIII. COURT-LIFE AT MADRID.

To live bewitch'd with beasts of Circe's crew,
  Where Harpies leagued your purse's life-blood draw;
  Place-hunting, fool'd by hope, with famish'd maw,
Watching each wind, great statesmen's grace to sue;
Amidst grooms, coaches, pages, liveries new,
  Bright uniforms, fine clothes, but maiden swords;
  Or fed with embassies of ladies' words,
With house-rent dear, and friendships never true:
Midst tricks and shams of pleaders bought and sold;
  Churchmen on mules,—and veriest mules are they;
Foul cheats, foul streets, where Dirt and Sloth hold revels;
Poor cripples from the wars, maim'd, starved, and old;
  High titles, lisping flatteries, Truth made prey:
This is Madrid, Spain's Court,—more like the Devil's.

IX. ADVICE TO A CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.

Leave railing at weak woman:—Who would tell
  The faults that Love would palliate, Prudence hide?
No need for thee, born clown, with cap and bell,
  To blaze thy scandal to the world so wide.

Hear'st thou that snarl? Thy pryings are descried;
No more the boudoir's door thy steps may pass:
The ladies' lap-dogs tell thee, thou'rt defied,
And bid thee herd with other calves at grass.
If e'er with high-soul'd poets thou wouldst class,
Serve women like true knight of better days,
Ere thy rude bagpipe's drone invented was:—
Who best extols them, most himself doth praise.
Beware; the night-watch with brown bills, ere now,
Have crack'd vain listeners' brain-pans. What art thou?

X. TO A VERY RICH AND FOOLISH KNIGHT.

The dull blind crowd hath raised thy glory higher,
Than ere thy green youth dreamt, in woodlands born;
Poor dupes, of Truth forsaken and forlorn,
Have cheated of its due the woodman's fire,
And reared thee altars. Must I then admire
Their idol, though I trace nought godlike there?
The rude rough trunk the sculptor's hand may tire
In vain, till reverence bow the soul to prayer.
In vain with tongues of flame from mouths of gold
The censers burn, and steaming odours rise,
To speak thy greatness more than nature gave;
Those poor unfurnish'd walls the truth have told;
Bare is the wit within them. Flattery plies
Her toil in vain on blocks that cannot save.

XI. ISABEL DE PAZ.

Of lowly parents born, all poorly clad
She went to serve a Duchess, fair as vain,
Apt scholar; and apt lessons there she had
How best to profit by another's pain.
Awhile with knaves and pages of the train
She sought her pastime; till a belted knight
Her fancy took, or soften'd her disdain,
And press'd his siege, with vows of mickle might,
For two long years. A Duke then hove in sight;
He too went halting off. Then from the Bourse
Two merchants: both retired in bankrupt plight;
The last Excise-Act could not plague them worse.
Such, reader, is the Life and Marvels rare
Of Isabel de Paz. Of her beware.

XII. EPITAPH ON A FEMALE DEVOTEE.

Beneath this clay-cold stone a Woman lies,
So holy, that the scapular and cord,
The painful lash, by softer souls abhorr'd,
And rosary-beads, that help dull prayer to rise,
Were never from her side. This Virgin wise

For twice twelve years wore sackcloth to her skin,
A lily-flower, not born to toil or spin,
Poor household-cares, and workday-drudgeries.
In her strange home sad mates their penance plied,—
Their exercise they called it,—for their sin,
While Dame Devotion watch'd them, dark with frowns:
She loved not oil,—so unaneal'd she died:
But left,—best wishes to her next of kin,
And to four female friends four thousand crowns.

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS.

I. TWO TO ONE.

TO A LADY SITTING AT A WESTERN WINDOW AT THE CLOSE OF A SUNNY DAY.

The sun in all his glory sought
To dazzle a defenceless woman,
And thought by glass to burn her out,
As Archimedes did the Roman:
But with a courage like his own
The lady gave her foe the meeting;
Till down he went with shame o'erthrown,
And said, with crimson blush retreating:
"I've lost the day, outfaced, outdone:
But then her eyes made two to one."

II. PAPER-CREDIT.

From bearded doctor, foe to man,
Worse foe than female doctor, fly:
A hundred victims, pale and wan,
E'en now await his word to die.

Not that his smooth prescription dire,
Where venom lurks in word and spell,
Is cartridge-wadding, made to fire
The murderer's hasty petronel:

No, 'tis a bill of death more slow,
The paper-currency of Fate,
Which duly at the Bank below
Is honour'd seven days after date.

III. PEACEFUL COUNSELS.

TO A LADY WHO MADE USE OF THE POET'S NAME TO THREATEN ONE WHO HAD AFFRONTED HER.

Strange news the post hast brought, fair dame;
A friend has sent me word,
You daunt your suitors with my name,
And slay them with my sword.

Nay, mine's a love that loves not strife,
No child of angry Mars;
It ne'er could march with drum and fife,
But sings to light guitars.

My rivals' choice, since choice is free,
I ne'er could quite condemn;
Your bachelor if I may be,
I find no fault in them.

But, were we heart and hand agreed,
I fear we still might jar,
If, when I ask for banns, you read
The Articles of War.

IV. ON AN INSCRIPTION WHICH A CERTAIN KNIGHT PLACED ON THE TOMB OF DON PASCAL, BISHOP OF CORDOVA, WHICH BEGINS WITH MANY VERBS IN THE IMPERATIVE MOOD, SISTITO, LEGITO, NE PROPERATO, ETC.

Good stranger, rest upon your staff;
Though now too late it be
From this pedantic epitaph
For Heaven to set you free.

I am Don Pascal, done to death
By him who bids me live,
Wasting my name, and his vain breath,
In moods imperative.

If my poor deeds you wish to hear
In words more terse and fair,
Go to my friend the registrar,
And read the record there.

V. EPITAPH ON SIMON BONAMI, THE KING'S DWARF.

Beneath this ponderous stone oppress'd,
The great Bonami sinks to rest.
'Twere fitter o'er his corpse to fling
The pebble from some posied ring.
Disdainful Fate snapp'd short his thread,
And made this foreign earth his bed.
Call him not food for worms:—one worm
Might swallow down his dwarfish form,
And make no more on't, than the shark
That gulps a seaman in the dark.

POLYPHEME.

Polypheme, as we learn from Ainsworth's Dictionary, was "the son of Neptune, a Cyclops, famous for his one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead; a poetical giant, who, with his brethren, kept flocks in Sicily. He fell in love with the sea-nymph Galatea:—read his fine courtship in Ovid's Metamorphoses." The schoolboy, who takes Ainsworth's advice, will find something to relieve his toil after more formidable truth. In short, Polypheme is a pleasant classical type of the giant-brood, and we had the same delight in the adventures of Ulysses in his cave, as we had at an earlier date in the feats of Jack the Giant-killer. He has been a favourite with the poets and musicians, from the days of Homer and Theocritus to the age of George Frederick Handel.

I am sorry therefore to be unable altogether to agree with Mr. Ticknor in his sentence upon this poem of Gongora's. "Nothing," he says, "is more characteristic of the extravagance, in which this great poetical heresiarch indulged himself, than his monstrous poem, half lyrical, half narrative, and wholly absurd, which he called *the Fable of Polyphemus;* and nothing became more characteristic of his school than the similar poems in imitation of the Polyphemus." The faults of these imitators are not necessarily to be ascribed to the master: otherwise Virgil had his apes, who tried to walk in his leading-strings, and hardly managed it. I do not understand what Mr. Ticknor means by calling the poem half lyrical and half narrative. It is written throughout in the stanza of eight lines, and has nothing lyrical about it. It is narrative or descriptive alternately,—narrative enlivened by such fanciful description as the fable invites a poet to indulge in. It appeared, indeed, to the present translator somewhat too long, and the

author may have suffered his imagination to lead him with too loose a rein in some particulars. For this reason the present translation is made with some omissions and abridgments, reducing it to little more than half of the original. But, in what is retained, the poet's language and thoughts are exhibited as faithfully as the skill of the translator could exhibit them; and the reader must judge whether he has told the old story once more with such embellishments as may vindicate a poet's fame.

I.

Where from her headland's base Sicilia sees
The breaking waves in silvery wreaths retire,
Where in hard bed old Typhon, ill at ease,
Lies stretch'd, or forges glow with Vulcan's fire,
Where the sad plain looks pale with ashy lees,
The smouldering wrecks of pride and wild desire,
Or teems with rumbling toil,—a rock's tall cone
Guards a dark cavern's mouth with curb of stone.

II.

A rough wild girlond on the cliff's hard brow,
A tangled brake of gnarled oaks is hung,
From whose close-matted shroud of bush and bough
Dank air is wafted, deeper shades are flung,
Than on that cave the lonely rock would throw;
Within are gibbering bats in clusters strung,
And dull owls scream, or wheel with heavy flight,
Meet inmates of the cold blind cell of night.

III.

This yawning pit, this dim imprison'd shade,
This hollow vault, was Polypheme's dire home,
A monster, at whose thundering voice afraid
The mountain trembled; in the spacious dome
His hut was pitch'd, his sheltering sheds were made:
Here, from each hilly woodland taught to come,
His herds of wild goats, when his whistling call
They heard, in rockbuilt cot were folded all.

IV.

He was himself in stature mountain-high,
Old Neptune's giant offspring, blood and bone;
The starry lustre of his one grand eye
Was like the round orb of the mighty sun:
The sturdiest pine that grows, most lightsomely
He handled as he walk'd, and, walking done,
He turn'd it, used the handle for a hook,
And then it was his dainty shepherd's crook.

V.

His coal-black hair, that curl'd in many a wave,
Roll'd like the sullen Lethe's sable flood;
Or flying, when the whirling storm-blast drave,
Disorder'd fell, to hang in elf-locks rude;

His beard, like tumbling waterfalls that lave
  Some Pyrenean thirsty solitude,
Flooded his chest; oft in that tangled skein
His toiling fingers plow'd, but plow'd in vain.

VI.

No beast in all her wilds Trinacria rear'd
  Of strength so savage, or of course so fleet,
That could in fight confront that awful beard,
  Or from his rushing fury find retreat:
Panther or pard, whose roar the wood-gods fear'd,
  Gave up their furry spoils beneath his feet:
Clad in their spotted hides, when twilight gloom
Closed round, he drave his slow-paced cattle home.

VII.

Oft in his loaded pouch, as full as wide,
  He bore ripe fruits, which, as untimely grown,
The mellow Autumn in his careless pride
  With lavish-hand on Earth's soft lap had thrown;
Wilding and pear on heaps lay side by side
  With straw and hay in his waste lofts bestrown;
There, as in chemic cell, the ripening gold
Grew bright, but close as in a miser's hold.

VIII.

There lay the chestnut wrapt in prickly shell,
Green quinces, medlars, luscious in decay,
Which, while their beauty lingers, mock so well
The pale ripe apples, ere they fade away;
Beech-nuts and acorns from the tangled fell,
O'ercanopied by oaks so old and grey;
Coarse food, yet relish'd by that simple time,
When the glad world was in its golden prime.

IX.

With wax and twine, on one unlucky morn,
His hands a hundred reeds in row had bound,
Whose barbarous horrid noise from caves forlorn
A hundred echoes mock'd with dismal sound;
Whereat despairing Triton broke his horn,
The dark seas heaved, the woods waved trembling round;
The shipman with bare poles and muffled oar
Stole hastening far from that discordant roar.

X.

He loved a sea-nymph,—none of form more fair
Call'd Doris mother,—nursed in Ocean-cave;
Bright Galatea, to whose beauty rare
Their sovereign charms the trinal Graces gave;

The wings, bedropt with star-bright eyes, that bare
Her crystal shape, all glittering from the wave,
Glanced radiance o'er the waters, as she flew
On swan-down plumes with peacock's emerald hue.

XI.

But she to Acis young her troth would plight,
Whom to the sylvan Faun the Naiad bore,
Acis, whose wond'rous beauty beam'd a light,
Where'er he walk'd by strand and pebbly shore;
A beauty, like the loadstone's secret might,
That draws hard steel and moves the dull cold ore:
But all his wealth was one poor herd of cows,
His garden-herbs, and fruits on forest-boughs.

XII.

Long were the tale to tell how first they met,
How, tired of sea-green mates beneath the tide,
She rose on plumes with sparkling sea-dews wet,
To roam by inland stream or fountain's side;
And how the simple shepherds, where she set
Her lightsome step, if foot-print they descried,
Her altars rear'd, and shepherd-maid, who wove
Trim baskets, offer'd gifts in every grove:

XIII.

How once, his offering paid, by bubbling spring
Young Acis slept at noon in laurel grove,
Lull'd by the peaceful water's murmuring;
And how she gazed,—such trance can beauty move,—
Poised in mid-air, as, poised on silent wing,
The parent eagle, wheeling round above
Her nestling young, cradled on rock-built height,
Ere down she drop, a feathery flash of light.

XIV.

That trance was past; and now they sate in cave
On seats enamel'd green with freshest grass:
Their proud estate tall elms o'erarching gave,
The mouth with ivy screen o'ermantled was;
The floor rich Tyrian carpets might outbrave,
And all the skill of earthly looms surpass:
No wealth the silkworm's wond'rous art could bring
To match that texture of the purple Spring.

XV.

'Twas on a sultry eve; with foamy rein,
His breath all smoke and fire, fierce Ethon drew
The Sun's red car, to bathe beneath the main,
Where stood the Greek's far pillars fair in view;

When the sad giant, sick with love's disdain,
Down on a wild cliff's brow his carcase threw,—
A brow so high, the bare dark front it bore
Rose like a watch-tower of the rock-bound shore.

XVI.

There gazing on tall headlands far and wide,
And lone sea-beach, his barren prospect's bound,
His mouth's prodigious bellows he applied
To his strong pipe, till he the key-note found;
The sloping glens and caves in mountain-side,
As startled by rude thunder's rolling sound,
Gave back the dreadful crash that shook the dell:
But then he sang:—his song, sweet Muses, tell:

XVII.

"Sweet Galatea, sweeter than the bloom
Of young carnation flowers, at morn that rise;
More soft than fowl, that makes the floods his home,
And on his watery bier in music dies;
More gay than bird, whose star-bespangled plume
Outshines heaven's sapphire vault with golden eyes:
That azure-mantled heaven, and starry sphere,
Were dim to thee, if thy twin eyes were here.

XVIII.

" O leave in deep thy choir of beaming hair,
Old Ocean's daughters;—lo, o'er all the sea,
While day's bright car withdraws its fiercer glare,
Soft evening waits for milder light in thee.
Tread the firm shore: the limpets scatter'd there,
Touch'd by that silvery foot adored by me,
Shall turn to gems, whose lustre shall excel
The pearl-drop ripening in its dewy shell.

XIX.

" Unfeeling daughter of the deep, whose ears
Withstand my prayers, as rocks resist the wind,
Do groves of coral hide thee from my tears,
While slumbers thy forgetful senses bind;
Or to harsh sea-god's shell, with sea-maid peers,
Dost thou in mazy dance thy solace find?
O come, that barbarous dissonance resign,
For my sweet voice,—yea, sweet, although 'tis mine.

XX.

" I am a shepherd,—but so rich in flocks,
My sheep the long-drawn valleys choke and crowd
My clambering goats obscure the darken'd rocks,
My thirsty kine drink dry the torrent flood;

Their streaming milk all power of reck'ning mocks,
Yet fails to match my grief's moist melting mood,
My brimming pails, and brimming eye's sad flow
Attest how equal is my wealth and woe.

XXI.

"In glens untrod by wild deer's wandering feet
My cork-built hives defend the stores of spring,
Dropping sweet nectar, steaming odours sweet,
Thick as the flowers the wild bee sips on wing;
My large-leaved trees provide the silkworms' meat,
Whether their swarms to life mild April bring,
Or genial May those amber forms unfold,
Twining their sun-bright threads on rocks of gold.

XXII.

"Born of great Saturn's Son that rules the waves,
If thou consent, plain shepherd though I be,
My royal sire beneath the unfathom'd caves
Shall quit his crystal throne to welcome thee.
Where dost thou hide? thy hand the Cyclop craves;
A mightier spouse nor stream nor strand may see;
A stronger bridegroom ne'er hath Phœbus view'd
From sultry Ind to Volga's icebound flood.

XXIII.

"When low I sit, my arm can reach on bough
The date-fruit sweet from palm-tree tall and high;
And when I stand, the lengthening shade I throw
Guards all my goats from burning summer-sky.
What marvel? when hill-peak and mountain-brow
With their dark cope of clouds beneath me lie;
And from this cliff my fingers I could move
To write my pains on yon blue vault above.

XXIV.

"At other doors bold hunters' trophies hang,
Stags' horns, whose antlers tell their growth of years,
And grisly boars' heads, arm'd with deadly fang,
Bristling like hedge of Switzers' pikes and spears;
But mine, no home for mercy's pitying pang,
Hung with men's skulls, the shuddering wanderer fears.
Yet for thy sake of late I played the host,
And housed a stranger, who his way had lost.

XXV.

"I mark'd a goodly merchant-ship, that press'd
In chase by cruel winds on shore was blown,
Laden with all the wealth the glittering East

Sends through Nile's sevenfold months from lands
unknown;
Sport of the raging sea, she found no rest,
Till my sweet pipe was heard; but then the frown
Of angry Ocean fell, and all around
The winds were still, in gentlest bondage bound:

XXVI.

"And straight, amidst the bubbling boiling brine
I saw rich chests and coffers lade the strand;
I saw the wreck, a gallant Ligurine,
Pour forth Sabean spices on the sand
And treasures of Cambay, from grove or mine,
Such prize as ne'er before fell Scylla's hand
Had grasp'd, lay weltering on the second day,
Her crew the mountain-kite's and harpy's prey:

XXVII.

"Save one poor Genoese: to him my cell
Was like a second plank, his life to save;
There was he warm'd and fed, and sate to tell
His tale of racking winds and whirling wave;
And he and all his bales were guarded well;
My herbs and choice dried fruits unask'd I gave:
For meed he bade me share his ivory store,
Tusks of war-elephants from Ganges' shore:

XXVIII.

"Bright ivory tusks, turn'd in this graceful bow,
This polish'd quiver, from nice artist's hand;
The Malay King design'd them by his vow,
My guest declared, for shrine in Java's land:
The quiver o'er thy decent shoulders throw,
And grasp the bow's bright horns: by sea or strand
Thy form shall gleam like Dian's through the glade,
Or Beauty's Queen with Cupid's arms array'd."

XXIX.

His dreadful voice, but not his inward grief,
Was by his goats here broken off;—the ledge
Of that fair cave o'erspread with vine's young leaf
Had tempted them to greedy sacrilege:
The monstrous Goatherd mark'd each climbing thief,
Trampling the tendrils green;—with teeth on edge
He storm'd, and from his sling a stony shower
Pierced through the verdant screen that fenced the bower.

XXX.

The startled lovers fled: he saw them fly,
With such a glowering glance, as o'er his shield
The Moorish warrior casts, whose fiery eye
Numbers the Christians' host in battle-field:

He saw that form of snow come rushing by,
And that fair boy: his brain with frenzy reel'd;
And, as the whirlblast tears the forest-oak,
Ere from dark clouds leaps forth the lightning-stroke,

XXXI.

So, with a strength of rage unknown before,
A fragment from the beetling cliff he rent;
The youth beneath the mass, such weight it bore,
Found not an urn, but cumbrous monument.
The Nymph's warm tears her Ocean-gods implore;
Requiting Acis' gifts, their help they sent;
Beneath the rock the flowing streams they turn
From purple life-blood to a crystal burn.

XXXII.

Scarce yet beneath their shroud of deadly stone
The crush'd limbs lay, when, watering stately trees,
That stood around, bright rills with gentle moan
Gush'd forth, and gladden'd wide the flowery leas;
To liquid silver changed each pearly bone;
Then sea-ward cross'd the sand; and Doris sees
A son-in-law secured to grace her floods,
A river now, and mate of Ocean-gods.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Gongora has two Poems, written in a vein of excellent foolery, near akin to that of Shakspeare, when he amused himself with the story of Pyramus and Thisbe in the Midsummer Night's Dream. One is on that story; the other on the story of Hero and Leander, which, with a few omissions, is here translated.

The late Thomas Hood, curiously enough for him, considered the story of Hero and Leander as a much more grave matter, and turned it into a kind of tragical phantasia, which may be found among his Poems, dedicating it to S. T. Coleridge. We prefer the humour of the Elizabethan age, the old fables somewhat stripped of their gravity, "with a moral thereunto, very plesante to rede."

I've no great skill in learned Greeks,
  Like old Nebrixa or Budæus,
But when I wore my schoolboy's breeks,
  I construed one they called Musæus.

He tells, in verse not rough nor smooth,
  But sometimes smoother, sometimes rougher,
What griefs a loving maid and youth
  In classic days were doomed to suffer.

Poor souls! they were not worth a groat;
For poor the pair must be, that can't earn,
The one, enough to hire a boat,
The other, what would buy a lantern.

'Tis strange such misery should have been
A lodger in the place's best house;
For Hero, our fair heroine,
Was daughter to the Mayor of Sestos.

But such a tribe of children dear
Her mother had, it well might try her,
And for the clothes they had to wear,
They rival'd any barefoot Friar.

And then the youth, the tale may guide us,
In worldly wealth was nothing grander;
His father a plain 'Squire, Abydos
His birth-town, and his name Leander.

Worth makes the man: a prettier lad
You scarce could see in summer weather;
Such well-made hose and boots he had,
And such a splendid hat and feather.

An Orpheus in the serenade
He charm'd the listening wives and daughters:
More pity, that the tunes he play'd
Could not, like Orpheus, charm the waters.

The lovers met,—I know not where,
  Most likely, as the times were Pagan,
Not at a Christian holy fair,
  But at some feast of Bel or Dagon.*

Leander vow'd, for he could swim:
  "This paltry strait shall ne'er divide us;
Bright be the night, or dark and dim,
  I'll come to Sestos from Abydos."

And Hero vow'd, at midnight hour,
  When quiet mortals seek their pillows,
She'd burn a rushlight on her tower,
  To be his lodestar through the billows.

A critic,—but such doubts I spurn,—
  Might for a question find a handle,
By asking how he could discern
  A mile at sea that farthing candle.

Let him, who makes it, solve the doubt;
  The signal seems to me no blunder;
But that the lovers should leave out
  A saving clause for storm and thunder.

The day was dull with misty gloom,
  The sun went down with wrath o'erclouded;
The night came, like a night of doom,
  Its face with mourning mantle shrouded.

* See Note.

Leander, stript of coat and shoes,
Heard how the wind was murmuring hollow;
And linger'd, as the patient does
Before the dose he's slow to swallow.

A doubtful look the beacon wore,
As if some sad event presaging,
And waved and flicker'd more and more,
The more the cruel storm was raging.

But this brave gallant, when he spied
The sign he sought to bless his wishes,
As boldly leapt into the tide,
As ever diver did for fishes.

Alas! the proverb proved untrue,
Which says a man is sure of winning,
And that good ending must ensue,
If once he makes a good beginning.

The strait, that like an anvil lay,
When Xerxes led his myriads over,
Now fretted, like a hound at bay,
Against this one poor harmless lover.

The sullen waves, first heaving slow,
Rose with the loud wind rolling faster,
And toss'd on high, or plunging low,
Leander felt the storm was master.

Yet ne'er did Vestal nymph at Rome
Watch by her fire with care so tender,
As Hero watch'd in gathering gloom
Her watchlight's guardian and defender.

There on the tower she took her stand,
And, with a battlement to windward,
From the vex'd flame with arm and hand
The fitful gusts and squalls she hinder'd.

But vain was all her care at last:
A patent lamp had been more clever:
The felon wind with one rude blast
Put out her light and hope for ever.

O then to Venus and young Love
She prayed with flowing tears so pearly,
If they would this sad risk remove,
She'd pay them loads of incense yearly.

But Cupid fear'd the rain and cold;
He'd neither under-coat nor upper:
And Venus,—'twas her way of old,—
Was with the bully Mars at supper.

The luckless lover, losing so
The star that all his course had brighten'd,
Roll'd toiling, tossing to and fro,
And every moment grew more frighten'd.

The billows rose more loud and high,
His senses fail'd, his head went under;
Death found him where he could not fly,
The deep sea finish'd poor Leander.

But then the winds, so fierce before,
Grew kind too late, and, shifting quarters,
Combined to bring his corpse to shore,
As if they'd been his funeral porters.

Right to the foot of Hero's tower
They bore him, where, her breath consuming,
She cursed her stars with all her power,
That would not that dim night illumine.

She spied at once her bridegroom dead;
When all was dark, it seems a wonder:
Perchance the lightning overhead
Gave gleams amidst the rolling thunder.

Her body from the tower she threw
To join in death her dearest true man:
There was it found, all black and blue,
Next morning by her waiting woman.

Poor faithful soul! she wept, like rain,
Two pints of tears to shew her duty:
Indeed it almost turn'd her brain
To see such wreck of youth and beauty.

And when the pair in earth were laid
With dirges to compose their slumbers,
With scissors' point this waiting maid
Carved on the stone these tuneful numbers :—

"Leander's Hero here I lie :
Perchance the careless world may blame us ;
But for true love and loyalty
Our name shall live for ever famous.

"Fate dish'd us, like two eggs, at once :
My spouse was pass'd through boiling water ;
And I was pounded on the stones,
Flat as an omelet in a mortar.

"Dear parents, buy no mourning gear :
Our love and madness now are over ;
But since one end has join'd us here,
One frugal grave our bones may cover."

VI. ELEGIAC AND SACRED POEMS.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

What is Joy? The flower that fadeth,
  Parch'd in blaze of noontide ray,
Ere the mead soft evening shadeth,
  Where it rose at dawn of day.

What is Grief? The wild oak, never
  Blanch'd by age, on mountain's brow;
Firm its roots are moor'd, and ever
  Greenly springs its timeworn bough.

What is Life? The fleet hart flying,
  Wounded sore, with deep-drawn breath,
By its flight from pain of dying
  Goading more the speed of death.

What is Hope? the tortoise hiding
  Low its head, till life be done,
In its patient penthouse biding
  Wintry frost or fiery sun.

Transient Joy, long lasting Sorrow,
Hope that stills Life's inward moan,
All are warning, where To-morrow
Beckons to a world unknown.

ELEGIAC SONNETS.

I.

The pale chaste rose droops down, and must restore
To heaven its purple tints in beauty worn;
The bloom, erewhile that sweetly decked the thorn,
Must court the sun, or tempt the breeze, no more:
Yet the sweet breath its freshness gave before,
Wither'd, it still wafts round, in death still fair;
Its requiem speaks it less of earth than air;
Fate hath no force to rifle that sweet store.
By Guadalquivir's banks we mourn forlorn
Its leaves in dust, but not its fragrance dead,
Bright leaves, whose wreck sad Tagus shrouds in gold:
But now 'tis of those flowers, which brighter Morn
Gilds in fresh fields with dews immortal fed,
Spangling heaven's champaign wide with stars untold.

II.

Thou famous hill, with woody glens deep-riven,
Whose sturdy oaks and beeches bear impress'd
The name of Her, in whom my vows were bless'd,
Who now hath paid to earth, what earth had given:
So may the calm blue canopy of heaven
Encircle thy green knolls, as thou from me
Shalt hide those sacred letters, ne'er to be
From thy carved trees, or my sad memory, driven.
Strip off and change the engraven bark, or wreathe
Each rude old trunk with ivy's mantling twine,
And veil from my sad eyes each record there:
'Tis meet her memory's sweetness to bequeath
To earth's green things and tender, too divine
To linger in life's haunts of toil and care.

III.

The radiance of thy smile, sweet Isabel,
Was like the pearl-shower's light, where waters meet;
Or like the flash of dancers' twinkling feet,
To thy soft viol's music answering well:
But now that touch is heard by choirs that dwell
In orbs of living sapphire, circling fleet
Aloft on golden wing, in joy complete,

With crowns more bright than meads of asphodel.
Shepherd, distrust the love that mourns for her:
What though thy hopes were wreck'd in sight of shore?
Be sure, the thought of thee is with her there,
To tell her how thy tears her loss deplore,
How the sad groves pale wreaths of cypress wear,
And grace of song laments her evermore.

IV. THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

A kingly bird, but not of earthly flight,
Came swooping where its mortal quarry lay,
Yet not with beak or pounces seized its prey,
But reap'd it with a sickle sharp and bright;
And flew aloft on pinions full of might,
I know not if more pleased to bear away
That spoil, or grudging to this home of clay
A life so radiant with celestial light.
Faith's answer solve the doubt!—no Phrygian boy
It carried to the fabled Thunderer's throne,
To leave his hunter's spear for cup impure;
But one whose spirit hath soar'd on wings of joy,
To tune its songs with harp of silver tone
To heaven's true Jove, in love and bliss secure.

V. LIFE AND TIME.

Not with such eager speed from archer's hand
The keen shaft strikes the mark with barbed wound;
Not with such headlong haste the chariots bound
To reach the goal across the silent sand,
As our fast fleeting life, by stern command,
Hastes to its secret end. Who doubts of this?
None but unreasoning brutes the truth can miss:
Our suns, like comets, post o'er sea and land.
This Carthage knew, her dream of greatness past:
This thou, dear friend, must know. Time's sickly prey
Is he, who toys with cheats and shadows vain.
The jealous Hours will not forgive thy waste:
The Hours, whose file outwears the golden day;
The Days, that gnaw the Year, till Life is slain.

VI. LESSONS OF AGE.

In Time's last waning lustre, when my date
Foretells of sunset near, and strength is small,
At every tottering step I fear to fall,
Each gentle fall bears down with headlong weight:

Yet may the mind more clear, o'ermastering fate,
Its love from earthly bondage disenthrall,
Warn'd, by each rift that shakes the crumbling wall,
How Ruin prowls at Life's defenceless gate.
Man cannot do the feat by serpents done,
Lay down his coil, and youth's lost years repair,
How loud soe'er he vaunt of Reason's might:
But peace! the just beneath the dumb cold stone
Leave but Pain's vexing load, to mount more fair,
Unburthen'd, to the realms of sapphire light.

VII. ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARGARET.

Thou silent hearse of Death, a voice is heard
From thee, proclaiming loud Life's fleeting hour;
For richer prize is thine, than fabled bird
Ere bore to spicy pyre in Eastern bower.
Thou art as some rich barque, when tempests lour,
On whose high maintop dancing meteors play,
To warn the trembling seaman on his way,
How fickle are the moods of Fortune's power.
Or like the watch-tower's light, that through the whirl
Of breakers bids the wise from rocks to flee,
Still beaming more, when darker grow the skies:
For thy closed shell holds fast our royal Pearl,
Our Margaret, gem of Faith and Charity,
To ripen, till in Life's new dawn she rise.

VIII. ON THE TOMB OF QUEEN MARGARET.

Ne'er yet with ruby rare, or diamond fine,
  Gem of red sparkling fire, or sunbright ray,
  Did festal Joy its wavy plumes display
In radiancy of beauty like to thine,
Tall Pile, that as a casket, dost enshrine
  Our princely Pearl, now coldly clad in clay,
  And pointing high to heaven's star-spangled way,
Bidst Sorrow from the dust to rise and shine.
Yet art thou Death's sad pageant, nor in vain
  Dost chide Earth's glory, while each wind that flies
Thy borrow'd fume of lights and incense bears
To die in air disparted. Taught by pain,
  Ambition, cease; vail close thy hundred eyes,
Or disenchanted quench their fire in tears.

EPITAPH ON QUEEN MARGARET.

With folded arms doth Virtue weep,
  Her joy of active duty past,
  O'er the bright Pearl in lead enchased;
Here laid with royal dust to sleep;
Our Queen,—where brooding Silence deep,

The sacred still sepulchral gloom,
Must hold her till the call of doom.
Else through two wide worlds, loud and high,
The trump of praise, or sorrow's cry,
Might burst the slumbers of the tomb.

IX. ON ARCHBISHOP SANDOVAL.

Stranger, this beauteous fabric, last and best
Of Sculpture's triumphs, canopies, that shine
With porphyry bright as diamonds from the mine,
With metals rich inlaid, now guards the rest
Of one return'd to earth, on whose mild breast
May kind earth gently lie? Go, read the line
Graven on that tomb, affection's generous sign,
That on the breathing marble hath impress'd
His reverend name. In majesty and grace
His saintly dust now sleeps with heroes old,
Heroes and saints, whose spirits are not dead,
But leave these earthly blazons of their race,
Five azure stars in golden field, to tread
In field of liquid azure stars of gold.

See Note.

X. ON THE PAINTER, EL GRECO.

Stranger, this glittering tomb of porphyry fair
Imprisons now that master's hand, which drew
On canvas or dull board with touch so true,
As if the breathing forms of life were there:
His name, which loud-voiced heralds might declare
In tourney-field of Fame with challenge bold,
Is now content to gild this marble cold;
Pass on, but greet it first with reverent prayer.
The famous Greek rests here, whom Nature led
To Art, Art taught him study; light and hues
He learnt from sun and rainbow; fancy free
Smiled on his dreams. Let pious tears be shed,
And cheer the sullen urn with spicy dews,
Press'd from the bark that shrouds the Arabian tree.

See Note.

XI. THE DUCHESS OF LERMA.

But yesterday ador'd, and now poor earth!
The glorious altar now a tomb! O say,
The plumes that mark'd the sunbright eagle's birth,
When Fate the bird hath vanquish'd, where are they?
Yes, this proud stone enshrines but mortal clay:
The spices that embalm the corse may breathe
Sweet odours round the dreary vault of Death,
But cannot change the vesture of decay.

This phenix, whose Arabia was the seat
  Of Lerma's ducal honour, lies in dust;
A worm—a worm of conscience to the wise:
If o'er so tall a barque the dark waves beat,
  O what shall be the low-built vessel's trust,
Save in that port, where man's last refuge lies?

XII. THE DUKE OF FERIA'S DAUGHTERS.

Within the five bright leaves, the coronal,
  That fenced their nest, with verdure bright as gold,
  A serpent stole, and slew with venom cold
Three nestlings of the parent nightingale.
What grace was in the parent's mournful wail!
  What sweetness in the voice of sorrowing love,
  Heard by the listening choirs that haunt the grove,
When twilight wrapt the lawns with shadows pale!
Old Tagus wept in crystal tears, whose tide
  The ill-fated trine bedropt with scanty blood,
  The trinal band of winged minstrelsy:
But now their plumes on burnish'd sunbeams ride
To day's fresh Fount, or nestle with the brood
  Of birds whose sweetest songs shall never die.

See Note.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE OF FERIA.

Three violets sweet of breath,
Three flowers all bright from heaven, like meteor-stars,
This marble tomb embars,
Hung round with spangled drops of ice-cold Death:
If that they rather live not now, and braid
Their tresses in that dawn, that knows no evening shade.

SACRED SONNETS.

I. ON THE NATIVITY.

To hang transfix'd upon the bitter Cross,
To bear thy bleeding brows all pierced with thorn,
For frail man's glory to abide foul scorn,
And for his gain to welcome deepest loss,
This was a Hero's deed :—but to be born
In such poor abject lodging, such scant room,
A doorless shed in icy blasts forlorn,
So low to stoop, Who from such height didst come,—
O what a choice was this, my Sovran Lord?
What strength did Godhead to Thy cradle lend
To bear that outrage of cold winter's breath?
Not more Thy bloody sweat, or body gored :
For greater far the distance to descend
From God to Man, than from poor Man to Death!

II. THE MONTE SANTO AT GRANADA.

Behold this Mount with beaming Crosses crown'd,
Like Mongibel or Etna through the night
It burns, but with a holier softer light,
A light to comfort, not a fire to wound:
Faith rears her trophies here on sacred ground,
Not like those piles upheav'd in heaven's despite,
Beneath whose wrecks, as fabling poets write,
Groaning and crush'd the giant brood lies bound.
Yet giants here too rest; these caverns rude
Confine their forms; whose holy force made head
Against high heaven, and heaven at will subdued;
Here o'er their hallow'd bones meek pilgrims tread:
If tears be thine, check not the gracious mood,
And with soft steps revere the mighty dead.

III.

My trembling soul, be strong; with dauntless eye
Behold where Death, the doomsman sad of life,
With equal step hath closed the unequal strife
Of mightiest kings, or clowns that lowliest lie:
Behold those mournful ensigns, sere and dry,
Bare withering bones, sepulchral ashes cold:
How vain the care that strew'd these wrecks with gold,

And Eastern odours scatter'd round, to die!
Yet deeper still descend, and view the abyss,
Where rebel sprites, in darkness doom'd to pine,
With clank of chains and endless anguish dwell:
It is wild passion's cure, and way to bliss,
To talk with Death, till Death his power resign,
And with Hell's terror quench the fire of Hell.

IV. THE MARINER SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK.

Storm-toss'd in darksome night on angry sea,
Thrown on his beams the seaman down had gone,
Lured by false Siren's call, and soothing tone
Of deadly music: but it might not be;
A gracious signal beam'd to set him free
From dread and danger. 'Twas a fervent son
Of great Ignacio, whose bright beacon shown
Gave warning from those frozen deeps to flee.
He shifted sail, ere yet his barque was lost,
And shunn'd, as rocks amidst the breaking wave,
Those wanton lays, that far from shore were troll'd;
And gladly found the port he sigh'd for most,
Led by the lodestar's light, and him who gave
Flames, living flames, in waters dead and cold.

See Note.

V. THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

Rebellious Reason, thy bold wit confine;
Yield Captive.—Who commands?—The glorious God.—
And why?—Because thy doubtful pride, unawed,
Bows not to greet Heaven's Sacrament Divine.—
Who shall arrest such freeborn power as mine?—
The obedient Will, where Love's meek ardours burn.—
And who shall keep me bound?—No jailor stern,
But Faith, whose bond is Wisdom's discipline.—
And what the Prison?—The Holy Church of God.
O Prison, the brightest home of earth below,
Whose treasure turns to joy all mortal pain:
To those who loathe not thy mysterious food,
Such streams of sweetness and of glory flow,
As all the bliss of Eden bring again.

See Note.

CAROLS.

I. THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERD. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O, who hath heard what I have heard? O, when on earth have been
Such things as I have heard to-night, such sights as I have seen?
It was the very noon of night: the stars above the fold,
More sure than clock or chiming bell, the hour of midnight told:
And on the face of earth below, while night was on her way,
Deep darkness shadowing hill and dale, and deeper silence lay:
Lo, from the heavens above there came a voice, a light serene,
At once, as if the light a voice, the voice a light had been;
With love divine the song began; and forms were seen to shine,

Still bright'ning as the music rose with light and love divine.

O ne'er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising day
With sweetness like that bird of song in his immortal lay:
O ne'er were wood-notes heard at eve by banks with poplar shade
So thrilling as the concert sweet by heavenly harpings made:
For love divine was in each chord, and fill'd each pause between:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray
Of summer lightning; all around so bright the splendour lay.
I know not if my sense and sight were dazzled by the gleam,
Or I myself beheld and heard as in a gladsome dream:
But oh, it master'd sight and sense, to see that glory shine,
To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Divine,

To see that form with birdlike wings, of more than mortal mien :
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen ?

When once the rapturous trance was past, that so my sense could bind,
I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the western wind ;
I left them ; for, instead of snow, I trod on blade and flower,
And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour,
Revealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been :
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen ?

I hasted to a low-roof'd shed, for so the angel bade ;
And bow'd before the lowly rack, where Love Divine was laid :
My Reason to the rack I bound, my Reason and my Pride ;
No doctor of the Law I sought, with earthly light to guide ;
Before me beam'd a heavenly light, a light that shone more fair ;

A new-born Babe, like tender Lamb, with Lion's strength was there;
A tender Lamb, before whose birth the rugged winter smiled,
For Lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child;
That Love Divine in childlike form had God for ever been:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

II. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

First Shepherd.

Ere in proud Jerusalem
Matin bell its peal shall ring,
To our Dawn in Bethlehem
We will strike the lute and sing,
To the Dawn, whose gladsome gleams
Cheer'd of old our prophet's dreams.
Strike the lute, good Shepherd.

Second Shepherd.

Why?

First Shepherd.

Soon thyself shalt see and hear
Songs like clarions pierce the sky,
Wings of brightness hovering near.

Second Shepherd.

When?

First Shepherd.

This night.

Second Shepherd.

O joy of joys!
Call each minstrel: tune each voice.

First Shepherd.

Every shepherd come, and be
Like the wakeful nightingale,
Singing, till from eastern sea
Burst the dawn of morning pale:
But our Sun, that dawns to save,
Lovelier than the lord of morn
Cradled on the bright sea-wave,—
Ere the radiant stars were born,
Light of light for evermore,
Now beneath a penthouse poor
In a manger makes his bed,
Where the labouring ox is fed.

Second Shepherd.

Strike the lute, the song begin;
Let the world its Dawn ring in.

First Shepherd.

O that sight might pierce the deep,
Where, in shadowy hope and fear,
Saints, who now with Abraham sleep,
Our rejoicing peal shall hear!

Second Shepherd.

Nay, they cannot know the sound.

First Shepherd.

Yes! those happy souls among,
When our joyous lutes ring round,
Shall not David bless the song?

Second Shepherd.

Strike the lute, the song begin;
Let the world its Dawn ring in.

First Shepherd.

To the far-off border-shore,
Where the expecting spirits dwell,
Mighty God, Thy word of power
Shall this night's glad tidings tell.
Whither ne'er on venturous prow
Roving shipman tidings bore,
There are harping seraphs now
Heard on all the far-off shore.

III. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Come out of doors, and leave thy sheep;
  There's peace between the wolf and them;
Poor shepherd, God the charge will keep;
  Since Peace is born in Bethlehem.

Peace to the world that God hath loved!
  The cradle of a race more wild
Than e'er in Arab desert roved,
  By lust and wrathful sin defiled,
Is now a newborn Shepherd's bed,
  Beneath whose staff of peaceful sway,
No more of prowling wolf in dread,
  The mountain lamb may skip and play.

Thy watchful dog outstretch'd may lie,
  Sleep all night long, and take no heed;
In pastures wide as earth and sky,
  Without a fold, thy flocks may feed.
The age of gold from this glad night
  Shall this auspicious Child restore:
Faith, spread the fleece as ermine white
  To shield His couch, and there adore!

IV. CAROL, ON THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

O man, and is it, as thou sayest?
The food, on which thy soul is fed,
Is it the blissful angels' bread?
And is it sweet to mortal taste?

—It is the same, the wondrous food,
Which once the mighty Prophet led,
When from the hateful Queen he fled,
To rest upon the mount of God:
For whom, to guard his duty's road,
Like rain the falling lightning sped,
And steel-clad hosts, like molten lead,
Were whelm'd beneath the fiery flood.

It is the food, whose comfort known
Can shield the life from mortal harm;
Whose sweetness can the bosom warm
To glow beneath the frozen zone:
The spicy forests of Ceylon
Yield not so strange or sweet a charm:
They cannot Death's strong power disarm
With all their groves of cinnamon.

FROM LEWIS DE LEON.

I. THE STARRY NIGHT.

When nightly through the sky
I view the stars their files unnumber'd leading,
Then see the dark earth lie
In deathlike trance, unheeding
How Life and Time with those bright orbs are speeding:

Strong love and equal pain
Wake in my heart a fire with anguish burning;
The tear-drops fall like rain,
Mine eyes to fountains turning,
And my sad voice pours forth its tones of mourning:

O mansion of high state,
Bright temple of bright saints in beauty dwelling,
The soul, once born to mate
With these, what force repelling
Hath bound to earth, its light in darkness quelling?

What mortal disaccord
Hath exiled so from Truth the mind unstable?
Why, of its blest reward
Forgetful, lost, unable,
Seeks it each shadowy fraud and guileful fable?

Man lies in slumber dead,
Like one that of his danger hath no feeling,
The while with silent tread
Those restless orbs are wheeling,
And, as they fly, his hours of life are stealing.

O mortals, wake and rise;
Think of the loss that on your lives is pressing;
The soul, that never dies,
Ordain'd for endless blessing,
How shall it live, false shows for truth caressing?

Ah, raise your fainting eyes
To that firm sphere which still new glory weareth,
And scorn the low disguise
The flattering world prepareth,
And all the world's poor thrall hopeth or feareth.

O what is all earth's round,
Brief scene of man's proud strife and vain endeavour,
Weigh'd with that deep profound,
That tideless Ocean-river,
That onward bears Time's fleeting forms for ever?

Once meditate, and see
That fix'd accord in wondrous variance given,
The mighty harmony
Of courses all uneven,
Wherein each star keeps time and place in heaven.

Who can behold that store
Of light unspent, and not, with very sighing,
Burst earth's frail bonds, and soar,
With soul unbodied flying,
From this sad place of exile and of dying?

There dwelleth sweet Content;
There is the reign of Peace; there, throned in splendour,
As one pre-eminent,
With dove-like eyes so tender,
Sits holy Love,—honour and joy attend her.

There is reveal'd whate'er
Of Beauty thought can reach; the source internal
Of purest Light, that ne'er
To darkness yields; eternal
Bloom the bright flowers in clime for ever vernal.

There would my spirit be,
Those quiet fields and pleasant meads exploring,
Where Truth immortally,
Her priceless wealth outpouring,
Feeds through the blissful vales the souls of saints adoring.

II. THE ASCENSION.

And dost Thou, holy Shepherd, leave
  Thy flock in this dark vale alone,
In cheerless solitude to grieve,
  Whilst Thou to endless rest art gone?

The sheep, in Thy protection blest,
  Untended wilt thou leave to mourn?
The lambs, once cherish'd at Thy breast,
  Forlorn,—oh! whither shall they turn?

Where shall those eyes now find repose,
  That pine Thy gracious glance to see?
What can they hear but sounds of woes,
  Sad exiles from discourse with Thee?

And who shall curb this troubled deep,
  When Thou no more amidst the gloom
Shalt chide the wrathful winds to sleep,
  And guide the labouring vessel home?

For Thou art gone! that cloud so bright,
  That bears Thee from our gaze away,
Springs upward into dazzling light,
  And leaves us here to weep and pray.

Our life has lost its richest store,
The balm for sorrow's inward thorn,
The hope, that, gladd'ning more and more,
Out-brighten'd all the springs of morn.

Ah me! my soul, what baleful chain
Holds back thy freeborn spirit's flight?
O break it, disenthrall'd from pain,
And mount those azure depths of light.

Why should'st thou fear? What earth-born spell
Is on thee, with thy choice at strife?
The soul no dying pang can quell,
But loss of Christ is death in life.

Dear Lord, and Friend, more dear to me
Than all the names Earth's love hath found,
Through darkest gloom I'll follow Thee,
Or cheer'd with beaming glory round.

FROM CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

I. SIN'S TRIUMPH.

Time was, ere yet I rose a Queen,—
The new-made world's unbidden guest,
I stole through glimmering paths unseen,
And trail'd on ground my scaly breast.

Where with bright flowers Earth's lap was gay,
With coward haste I glided by,
And fear'd each breath that might betray
The secret of my deep-drawn sigh.

The serpent's quaint disguise I took,
Where fear or choice his home had made,
In rifted rock with creviced nook,
Or glen with cavern's lurid shade.

For ere my treason burst its shell
In strength to play its mighty prize,
'Twas meet to veil and guard it well,
And cheat the Watcher's jealous eyes.

But now with victory mounting high,
I shun not overt act or sign,
With breast erect all foes defy,
And dart my strong neck's wreathy twine.

My haughty head I proudly rear,
And shake aloft my dazzling crest,
Nor moan low sounds of inward fear,
But hiss loud terrors unrepress'd.

Deem not my vaunt of conquest vain:
This day the solemn lists were set,
When, hope o'ermastering dread and pain,
My power with Grace in combat met.

We met, where all around was fair,
A garden bright with streams and strand;
For death or life to do and dare,
With foot to foot, and hand to hand.

But equal law for combat given,
To part the sun-rays, could not be;
For hers was all the beaming heaven,
The shades and darkness fell to me.

No matter; for with clouds of night,
The blackness of my realm's abyss,
I countercheck'd her arrowy light,
And fill'd with gloom those bowers of bliss.

In truth she was more strong than I;
I mark'd with anguish and despair,
Her strength that did all strength outvie,
Her form of beauty heavenly fair.

But such a change my witchcraft made,
Earth's freshest bowers so tarnish'd were,
She left the sad and guilty shade,
No more a home of rest for her.

She soar'd aloft to courts of day,
And did this lower realm resign:—
The world beneath me prostrate lay,
And all its countless spoils were mine.

II. GRACE RESTORED.

Song of the Angels.

Glory to God! Rejoice, O highest Heaven!
For sinful Earth's release
Returns the reign of Peace,
And joy of pitying God in men forgiven!

Enter Lucifer *and* Sin, *in alarm.*

Luc. What voice is this? What Peace can sojourn here,
What glory now in Heaven's supernal sphere,

While yet I live, whose wrath made void
Heaven's glory, and Earth's peace destroy'd?
Where art thou, Sin?

Sin. Behold me near:
What wouldst thou?

Luc. Tell me, dost thou hear
That strain, unlike thy siren song,
Lulling the cheated sense in slumbers deep,—
A strain to burst the sluggard bands of sleep,
And bid the fainting soul be strong?

Sin. I hear, I hear: and at the sound
My viperous blood is all on flame;
Self-slain, as with a fiery wound,
My venom'd heart dies down with shame.
Nor boots it now, that dank and dim
The dungeon-room with gloomy shade
Holds Man my captive, every limb
In iron bonds and misery laid:
Nor that Earth's four wide realms have known
The witchcraft of my cup of gold.

Luc. A deeper pang is mine, to own
That knowledge fails me to unfold
The cause of all these wonders strange;
Blindly my thoughts in darkness range;
Blindly, while, springing to its birth,
A mighty change is come to Earth.
Lo! how in raiment fresh and gay
Nature awakes at dawn of day,

While all around is dry and sere,
The waste and wreck of Winter drear.
What ails thee, frugal Earth, that now
So lavish of thy stores art thou,
That, spite of frosts and cloud-wrapt skies,
Thy flowers in vernal gladness rise?
See there the Lily-flower unfold
Its silver chalice tipt with gold,
Nor dares the north-wind hovering by
To mar its maiden purity:
There see the Rose in virgin bloom,
Its tender leaves not yet unfurl'd,
A pearl with vermeil dyed illume
With light of joy the dying world:
The cedar and the palm, array'd
In more than wonted pride of shade,
Cypress and plane-tree, far and wide
Clothe the deep dales and mountain-side.
Earth answers not:—to thee my quest
I turn, O Water. On thy breast
The waves were glass erewhile, and thou,
With hardy bead-drops on thy brow,
Didst seem of that mock-bravery vain,
And proud to bear thy bonds of pain.
But lo! thy frozen gems are gone,
And glittering dews beneath the sun
Mount upward in such vapoury cloud,
As doth the morn in April shroud.

That ice-cold brook, that through the brake
Roll'd gleaming like a crystal snake,
And tore the banks that lined its way,
As serpent with its tooth makes prey,
How doth it wind with gentler power,
And rest beneath the jasmine bower,
Forget its dragon-wrath, and spread
Calm mirrors on its liquid bed!

What ails thee, Air, whose whirl-blasts now
Were wont the stubborn oaks to bow,
That, with such soft-drawn breath of rest,
As stirs a sleeping infant's breast,
Thou bidst the birds with morning songs,
Responsive to the angelic tongues,
Salute the gracious prime, to thee
Sweet comfort, fell despair to me?

And thou too, Fire!—what ails thy wrath
Oft wont in racking clouds close-drawn
To hide the trembling stars of dawn,
And launch dark lightnings on thy path,
That the fair Moon, in saintly light,
With more than natural beauty bright,
Beams forth in majesty serene
A beacon o'er the quiet sea,
And foremost walks an Empress-Queen
Amidst her courtly company?
What ails each element, that all
Seem changed as at some mightier call?

Sin. Why ask you this, when every where,
In Earth, in Water, Fire, and Air,
The Music sounds, that cannot cease?

Song of the Angels.

Glory to God! Rejoice, thou highest heaven!
For sinful Earth's release
Returns the reign of Peace,
And joy of pitying God in men forgiven!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

(1.) WHILE the preceding pages were passing through the press, the writer was informed, by the kindness of the publisher, that Don Pascual de Gayangos, Keeper of the Royal Archives in Spain, was on a short visit to this country, and had expressed a wish to see what we were doing with Gongora. The name of Don Pascual has been so long known in this country by his Work on the "Mohammedan Dynasties," not to mention his other critical and historical labours, which have given him an European reputation, that the writer was only too glad to invite an inspection of his papers by so eminent a Spanish scholar. This introduction has led to a very gratifying communication from Don Pascual, and has been the means of bringing to the writer's knowledge some additional particulars of the Life and Writings of the Poet, of which it would not be right that the reader of these volumes should be defrauded. It has also been the means of procuring for the writer's present use the inspection of a valuable Manuscript Collection of Gongora's Poems, the property of R. J. Turner, Esq., a zealous and discerning book-collector, and member of the Philobiblon Club, who has most liberally

entrusted it, as long as it might seem necessary, to the writer's care.

(2.) In the first place, it will be interesting to the reader to know that Don Pascual entirely confirms the opinion expressed in the preceding Essay, sec. 112, 115, that Gongora could never have written the lines, "Upon the Lie-Walk in Madrid." This is also confirmed by a preliminary Notice in Mr. Turner's Manuscript. Don Pascual adds: "There is every reason to suppose that when that blockhead Villamediana came out into public with the boasting and equivocal motto, *Mis amores son reales*, he meant *reales de plata*, he being a great gambler, or that he alluded to a Portuguese lady in attendance on the Queen, whose name at this moment escapes my memory. Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbuch, the dramatic writer, has lately published a very remarkable Paper on this subject." This Paper has not yet come to our hands; but the name of the author is a warrant to justify our expectation that it will be written with ability, and will no doubt throw further light on the questions involved in the reckless life and extraordinary death of the Count of Villamediana.

Don Pascual is now the owner of the identical Manuscript of Gongora, mentioned by Hozes towards the end of his Preface, which D. Antonio Chacon, Lord of Polvoranca, prepared and presented to the library of the Count-Duke.* It consists of three thick quarto volumes, beautifully written upon vellum, with a fine portrait of the Poet, admirably executed in pen and ink; there are occasional notes to illustrate some passages, and each of the

* See Essay, sec. 131.

compositions has in the margin the date at which it was written, by means of which a critical reader may easily trace the different phases of the Poet's style. This Manuscript neither contains nor mentions the lines in question; which is a decisive proof that Don Antonio did not reckon them among the productions of Gongora's fertile brain. What is more remarkable, it does not appear that, at the time when this old Castillian gentleman made his Collection, the verses had even been ascribed to Gongora: for Chacon places at the head of his third volume a list or certain spurious pieces which he excludes; but these lines are not among them.

The Count-Duke's respectable tutor and librarian, mentioned in our Essay, Lewis Tribaldos de Toledo, in giving his license or approbation for printing the edition of Hozes, prefixed to the earliest edition of 1633, inserts a caution in a parenthesis: "The Poems," he says, "may be printed,—I except certain pieces of stuff which are not of his manufacturing,—without prejudice to any one."* It is clear that Tribaldos was aware how uncritically Hozes had performed his task; and, having Chacon's Manuscript then under his own care, he meant to warn the reader not to take it for granted, as he otherwise might from the words of Hozes in the Preface, that he had been guided exclusively by this careful Collection which he justly lauds.

(3.) From the information of Don Pascual, the present writer must beg the indulgent reader to excuse and correct a slight mistake in the name of the historical holy Nun of Carrion, whom we have set down as Joan, or Joanna, de

* "Exceto algunas fabricas que el no escrivò."

Colmenares.* It will probably be found that her name was not Joan, but Louisa, and that she was the same person who afterwards became unfortunately famous as a false devotee, who fell under the censure of the Inquisition, and died in Valladolid in 1634 or 1635. She was then called Madre Luisa de Carrion, and was probably one of those unhappy impostors, of whom the Nun of Portugal in 1588 is a more prominent example. If so, it is most likely that our Royal Stewart discerned her character better than the Infanta who sent him to pay his respects to her.

(4.) Mr. Turner's Manuscript is on paper; but it is a beautiful quarto of about 630 pages, written in an excellent clear hand resembling the best Italic character. It contains all Gongora's published Poems, except one or two Sonnets and short Lyrical pieces, which are preserved by Salcedo Coronel. It contains the single comedy, and the other two dramatic Fragments. In accuracy of text, and of punctuation, it excels all the editions, except Coronel's; and it is more valuable than Coronel's, as it contains so many poems, which the plan of that painstaking commentator led him to exclude. It adds several remarkable Sonnets and a few minor poems, which are undoubtedly Gongora's; it adds also a few which must be considered doubtful.

The hand-writing is of the age of Gongora; and the writer of the Manuscript, though he gives us no sort of clue to discover who he was, was evidently a personal friend and acquaintance of the Poet. It is probable that

* Essay, sec. 129.

he was not a resident in Cordova; perhaps he lived at Granada; for he copies out and subjoins to his Preface an Elegy, or Elegiac Poem, in the Dantean Triplet, of a hundred and fifty lines, "on the Death of Gongora," by Don Augustin Collado del Hierro, a poet and physician of Granada, practising in the service of Apollo, like Garrick's old friend Aaron Hill, but perhaps with better success, in both sciences.* The language of this Elegy is classical and not inelegant; but the praise of Gongora is too exalted for sober truth.

In the Preface about twenty of the Minor Poems ascribed to Gongora by Hozes are rejected; two or three, because they were known to be by other poets, but the majority, because, in the opinion of the compiler of the Manuscript, with which the critical reader will generally concur, they are not worthy of the wit or genius of Gongora. One or two are rejected, and not improperly, without any special notice. The lines on the Lie-walk; because, the Compiler says, "nothing but gross ignorance can believe Gongora to have written any thing so bad, and so unfriendly to Villamediana."

The additional and unpublished Poems are about fifty in number, one half Sonnets, the other Letrillas, Ballads, or shorter compositions, except that there are two pieces in *Ottava Rima*, and one in the elegant Spanish Decimal Stanza, a "Soliloquy with Time." This appearing to be at once original, solemn, and striking, we have tried to imitate it in a translation. We also subjoin a version of two or three of these new Sonnets; one, though without

* Nic. Antonio, i. 175.

title, as they all are in the Manuscript, to be added to the two Historical ones on Rodrigo Calderon; one, "the Lady in Verdant Green," which should go as a companion to "the Lady in Orange Tawny;" and a third, "The greatest Misery of Human Life," a bit of merry nonsense, addressed to a friend upon his marriage.

(5.) The longest of the two pieces in Ottava Rima is on St. Francis Xavier, following that on St. Francis Borgia, which has been translated for this little Work. But it appears to us to offer no characteristic mark of the Muse of Gongora, being rather characteristic of a less able and more credulous admirer of the great Jesuit Missionary. The tribute to St. Francis Borgia, Gongora is more likely to have written, as the saint was the maternal grandfather of the Duke of Lerma; the Duke's mother being Isabel de Borgia, one of his daughters, and as such commemorated in the "Panegyric." Of the Sonnets many are more or less satirical, speaking of persons or things, which to understand would require more explanation than the matter is often worth. There are a few more among them against Lope de Vega. It is singular that these, five or six Sonnets, and two or three Epigrams, are all excluded from the common editions: it looks as if neither editor nor printer then ventured to offend the popular favourite. Coronel printed two in 1645, when Lope had been ten years dead. It is true that they are of no great value, exhibiting only specimens of horseplay raillery. Enough has been said of these poetical quarrels.

Of the Ballads and Letrillas a small proportion appear to be valuable,—one or two are so poetically musical, as to make us understand what the Spanish critics mean,

when they say that Gongora and his distinguished contemporaries gave the old ballad metre, flexibility, and sweetness.* But, as we have already said, we think a critical judgment is wanted to sift out others. However, if at any future time there should be an attempt to produce a good critical edition of Gongora's Works, it will certainly be necessary to have recourse to this Manuscript, or its counterpart, if such can anywhere be found.

(6.) It remains to mention what is perhaps of even higher value in Mr. Turner's literary treasure. The preface contains, together with some remarks on particular poems, a few interesting personal reminiscences of the Poet, which will be read with pleasure by those whom our labour has led on so far:

"Be it recorded that Don Lewis de Gongora was born in happy hour in Cordova, and that his parents were Don Francisco de Argote, and Doña Leonor de Gongora, names of the most distinguished gentle blood in that city, as all truth will allow. Let his birth be set down as having been on Thursday, July the 11th, 1561; and the years that he lived as sixty-five, ten months, and thirteen days; and would to God that they had been many more. Let it not be omitted, that he died on Tuesday in Whitsunweek; and that he is buried in the Cathedral Church at Cordova, in the Chapel of St. Bartholomew. All these particulars are worthy of remembrance." The Compiler thus confirms the account of Hozes, adding the particular of the place of his burial, which is still pointed out to strangers at Cordova.

* Ochoa, Tesoro de Cancioneros, Prol. p. xx.

(7.) "Don Lewis was well-made, tall, robust, of a complexion fair and ruddy, with black hair; as he himself speaks of it in his description of his person:

> It once was dark auburn,
> But now is jet black.*

His eyes were large, dark, and sparkling. His nose aquiline, a sign of intellect, which indeed was the expression of all his features. His figure, and the grace of each different motion, set off his clerical habits to advantage. When he spoke on serious subjects even in prose, it was with great dignity: in his mirth he was full of sharp points, without passing the proper limits of his cloth; and while his wit entertained the hearer, it was tempered with sentences of wisdom.

"He willingly listened to remarks or censures, receiving them at once with modesty and relish. He corrected any thing which needed correction, without presuming that he must be right: so much so, that in a Dirge which he made on the translation of the bones of that famous Castillian, Garcilaso de la Vega, removed by his descendants to a new and more costly sepulchre, he communicated one of his stanzas to a friend, and finding that he received it in silence, he asked, 'What? is it not a good one?' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'but not good for Don Lewis.' He seemed to feel this as a slight affront: 'It is a strong measure,' he said, 'to tell me that I am not to be trusted, after forty years of public approval.' No more then passed; but on the evening of the same day the two

* See the Notice prefixed to 'the Spanish Schoolboy's Holiday.'

friends met again, and the first word which Don Lewis spoke was, 'Ah, my good sir, I am like the civet-cat, which must be flogged to make it give its scent. See, here is the stanza altered.' And so it was; for he exceeded himself in that stanza.

"He used to say, 'I am myself the strictest attorney-general against my own works.' And at other times; 'I desire to effect something which will not be for the many.' And only twenty days before his death, he was heard to say, 'Now that I was beginning to know something of the first letter in my alphabet, does God call me to Himself? His will be done!' Mark the modesty of this." This is indeed a very touching remembrance, well deserving to be recorded.

"Persons, who were not familiar with this genius, took him to be satirical; and so did some even of his admirers. A strange fallacy! Let his Works be viewed attentively; and there will be found in all a general doctrine for all estates, offices, and professions, a mode of reproof touched off so skilfully, that a very enlightened gentleman said of it, 'I find more persuasion in a stanza of Don Lewis de Gongora, than in a whole sermon of Castroverde.'* Two or three, which may seem to have a smack of satire, are on subjects so well-known and public, that there is no street or square which has not heard of them; so that, as far as he was concerned, he had only to endue them with numbers, as he did with unexampled humour."

(8.) There is some truth in this. Satire is in its highest

* Father Castroverde was a much admired Court-Preacher. He died in May or June 1610. Cabrera, 408.

aims the poetry of moral doctrine, conveying precepts and reproofs in pointed sentences, made to be remembered as a portion of proverbial wisdom. Gongora's peculiar vein of humour qualified him well for this use of satire; as where he speaks in one of his "Solitary Musings," of

> "the idler, Ceremony,
> That wastes in salvoes of impertinence
> The powder of the old punctual Captain Time:"

or where he moralises on the use to be made of proud and angry men; like Dean Swift on duellists:

> "I stand, as on Tarpeian height,
> And unconcern'd enjoy the sight,
> When mad-brain'd Honour, put to shame,
> Blows up in self-inflicted flame.
> The time has been, when I had sigh'd
> With pity while such wreck I spied:
> But now, so cruel is my mood,
> I'd fan the bonfire if I could.
> When Folly's wrath in ashes dies,
> It makes a lie-wash for the wise,
> Wherewith they cleanse the robes they wear,
> Which rubs may soil, but cannot tear."

(9.) The Compiler goes on to say, that Hozes, who seems to have known so little of the outward life of Gongora, could of course have been only still less acquainted with his inward thoughts; and tells us what must be meant to correct the common notions of his poverty and the neglect which he encountered. We had suspected that there was some misconception on this head, and have alluded to it once or twice in the Essay.* Hozes is the

* Sec. 7, 14, and 109.

only writer who affects to give particulars, which, however, seem to be slightly confirmed by one or two of the Sonnets translated in the previous volume. The Compiler of Mr. Turner's MS. says; "Don Lewis went frequently to Madrid for no other reason, than that the Court was the common centre for distinguished persons in every pursuit or occupation, as he used to speak of it: 'Here I find motives to work, and leave that indolent leisure which Cordova rather too much encourages.' And he did so at the instance of many Grandees, Ministers of State, and even Royal Favourites, Patrons of good Literature; and, in particular, the Count of Villamediana, who did not desist, till he sent him a litter, in which he might perform the journey. And that he might not seem to attend on the Court by chance, he accepted the grace that was offered him with the title of Chaplain of Honour. He also procured, on occasions when they fell vacant, two Military Habits, which he sent to his two cousins: these are honours, with which our kings distinguish our Nobility. They gave him also more than four hundred ducats of yearly rent in a pension imposed on the Episcopal revenues of his native town. All this he was so slow in soliciting, that it may be said to have come without asking to his hands, the Royal Favourite, when he gave them, complaining of his silence. It is certain that neither ambition nor desire of gain drew him to Court, since in his own house he had an accompt of rent free from encumbrance, an income quite sufficient for one who wore a priest's bonnet. So that those mysterious, intricate, and confused statements, even worse than obscure, because the obscurity is studied, with a wretched waste of time, contained in the

Life of the Poet, neither have any foundation in fact, nor is it easy to imagine how they could have any." The compiler then enlarges a little on the conceited style of Hozes, not without reason, to which his own plain and sensible story is a pleasing contrast.

(10.) He reverts again, in the conclusion of his Preface, to the number of Romances and Minor Poems, which he says he leaves in their confusion, that the reader may assign to them any owner whom he pleases. Perhaps therefore he himself copied out or admitted several into his collection, which he did not suppose to be Gongora's. "If some of them," he says, "appear to be only imitations, the shade of the great man must pardon it: for, if he had a fault, it was that he left such excellent things to be picked and chosen out at the discretion of his surviving friends. Nevertheless, this was rather his extreme modesty; for many a time, when his friends urged him to print for fear of this danger, he was heard to answer, 'No: my works, in my own estimate, do not deserve it. If they have luck, there will be some one who will do it after my time.' There has been one, and more than one; but unhappily all have succeeded very ill, as we see by experience."

The compiler speaks as a warm admirer of the single Comedy, "The Firmness of Isabel;" but he as warmly contradicts the assertion of Hozes, that the play was left incomplete by Gongora, and finished by his brother Juan de Argote. This brother, he says, never went by any other surname than that by which the poet called himself: his name was Don Juan de Gongora. But he was born in the Philippine Islands, never made a verse in his life,

or listened to one; never knew that his brother Lewis was a poet, "nor ever wasted, if wasted is the right word, one atom of his time in inquiring whether there were any poetry in the world, or Muses on Parnassus." On this point we must suppose the compiler, speaking so confidently as he does, was better informed than Don Gonzalo de Hozes. The reader may therefore correct, if he will, what is said in the Essay, sec. 150, of Don Juan de Argote's supposed part in polishing off the unfinished Comedy; but we do not retract our opinion of the Comedy itself, or Gongora's inability for dramatic poetry. It is an inability which he shares with many eminent poets, whose talent was to be exhibited, like his, in the ode or sonnet or lyrical compositions.

(11.) This is all that it seems necessary to extract from this interesting Manuscript: indeed we have given almost all the particulars which it supplies, except on one or two points of detail, to which we may briefly refer in the following Notes. The date at which this Collection was made is probably about the year 1634; as Hozes had published his Edition in 1633, which by its blunders provoked the friendly zeal of the compiler to vindicate the Poet's memory; and he does not allude to the Commentary of Coronel, the first volume of which appeared in 1636. He alludes to the edition of Vicuña, of 1627, but probably had not seen it. He had seen the "Lectures on Gongora" by Joseph Pellicer, which came out in 1630, but pronounces them to be unsatisfactory, though he speaks with respect of the author. Joseph Pellicer was a friend of Nicholas Antonio, and died in a good old age in 1679, having filled the office of Royal Historian to Philip

IV., and in a long literary life produced an immense number of writings, principally illustrating the genealogies or private histories of noble families of Spain.* But his lectures on Gongora were probably such as the Compiler intimates, a labyrinth of confusion. Mr. Ticknor and Don Pascual de Gayangos seem to be of the same opinion. There were other later editions of Gongora, printed at Zaragoza, Lisbon, and Seville—but with no new features of editorial care—at different dates in the seventeenth century.

* Bibl. Script. Hisp. i. 811-816.

THREE SONNETS FROM THE TURNER MS.

I. ON THE DEATH OF RODRIGO CALDERON.

Hold, lightly tread, nor pass regardless on,
  Kind stranger, where the Oak in death is laid,
Which men may deem by Heaven in wrath o'erthrown,
  Till Time the riddle solve, which Death has made;
  Till Life's pure ore shine forth, in balance weigh'd,
Refined by fire from dross of earthly clay:
  Meantime Hope's lamp is gleaming through the shade,
Guiding true hearts, while Moslems feel the ray,
And realms, long held in darkness, wake to day.
  In idol-times victorious Faith adored
The fire that mark'd the mounting Thisbite's way.
  Not always flames in wrath Heaven's gracious Lord,
But purges, while He burns. To him are known
All hearts. In trembling hope sustain thine own.

II. THE LADY IN VERDANT GREEN.

The stately swan, that, from the rippling lake
  Withdrawn, hath left the foam of waters gray,
And, shelter'd in the cypress-shade, doth shake
  From her moist plumes the dewy sparkling spray;

The snow-wreath in the mead's fresh lap of May ;
The lily's glow in myrtle-bower half seen ;
Enchased in emerald crown the diamond's ray ;
The milky curds just press'd on rushes green ;
Boast not a whiteness of so clear a sheen,
As thine, fair Beauty, exquisitely fair,
In green attire array'd, the Spring's bright queen,
Tempering rude passion's storm, like Spring's soft air ;
And giving, with thy vest, and beauty bright,
The field new verdure, and the rills new light.

III. LIFE'S GREATEST MISERY. ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

To dine on meats high-spiced, and find your flask
Has leak'd, and not a drop your thirst to tame ;
To reach your posting-house dead-tired, and ask
For mules, and find one trotting brute dead-lame ;
To try new boots, with luck not quite the same,
One with great pain you fit, and one you tear ;
To play Primero, and,—to win your game
Wanting the King,—to find the Knave is there ;
To ply with gifts a thankless lady fair ;
To owe to bankers punctual as the day ;
To ride uncloak'd, unfenced, through spungy air ;
To feed bad grooms who steal your corn and hay :
Count all the griefs you've known since life began ;
The worst remains—to be a married man.

SOLILOQUY WITH TIME.

FROM THE TURNER MS.

I.

Ah! tyrant Time! with bootless pain
We strive in narrow cell of glass
To stay thy steps that onward pass;
With sand, slow-trickling grain by grain,
To count them, powerless to restrain.
When, full of life, the vigorous hand
Would grasp thee and thy flight command,
Straight thou art gone; nor voice nor rhyme
Can bind thy flowing stream, O Time,
Unheard as that dumb trickling sand.

II.

With bootless cost, thy flight to stay,
Doth Art her cunning wheels prepare;
In vain on thee their teeth they wear,
While thou dost fly more light away.
In vain our leaden weights we lay
To clog thy feet, while unconfined
Thou rushest down the silent wind:
But in thy silence bidst us hear
From iron tongue thy warning clear,
How thou hast left pursuit behind.

III.

Yet, as with show of generous hand,
Though hard its frame of iron stern,
Thy reckoning gives us to discern
The bounteous Hours, at thy command
Scattering their wealth o'er sea and land:
Whose parting warns the soul of Faith,
How vainly, soothed by Flattery's breath,
How, fool'd by Hope, we blindly roam,
Till the last sun-mark points our home,
The shadowy dwelling-house of Death.

IV.

Full oft, enchased in ivory fair
Thy likeness,—likeness if there be
Of unsubstantial things like thee,—
Thou bidst me view; a dial, where
A restless finger, thin and spare,
Sway'd with a hair-like thread, a line,
Is of thy restless power the sign;
And of my life, that slender thread,
With every pulse disquieted,
And changing with each change of thine.

V.

I hear the voice of Chanticleer,
I mark poor Dapple's tuneless bray,
Hailing the glad return of day,
But thee I hear not, cannot hear:

Yet if in silence to my ear
Each morn the shepherd's clocks make known
How thou hast come, and thou art flown,
What surer voice of artful chime
Could warn me in uncertain Time
To live each hour to God alone?

VI.

Unhappy still, unsatisfied,
In thee we never find our fill.
O why, with unavailing skill
Should minute-points the hours divide,
Whose flight we cannot check or guide?
But yet 'tis well. Experience, say,
What measuring mark could so display
The sum of man's brief parcell'd life,
In slothful dream, or waking strife,
Hasting invisibly away?

VII.

In weary ways Invention old
Essay'd the measuring art to gain.
How fruitless was her busy pain,
Her tricks and fancies manifold!
The hand, that thy fleet foot would hold,
Was empty still; its grasp too slow.
The water-clock could never shew
In balance weigh'd thy mighty power:
It could but give for one half hour
An emblem of thy restless flow.

VIII.

Full oft inclosed in gold I see
  Thy pretty pendent cage. E'en there
  Thou dost thy treacherous dart prepare
Against the breast that honoureth thee.
A treasure, passing gold or fee,
  Art thou, O Time. But oh the scorn!
  To think in golden prison worn
To chain that Parthian! Unconfined
He flies, and flying sees behind
  How to the mark his shaft is borne.

IX.

If by the stars that nightly burn
  I seek thy fix'd abode to know,
  I see that thou dost with them go,
But with them thou dost not return.
Thy footmarks how may I discern,
  Whose course I may not, cannot see?
  Alas! Unchanged, for ever free,
Borne on thy wheeling throne unseen,
Thou art what thou hast ever been;
  And I am what I still must be!

NOTES.

NOTES.

HISTORICAL POEMS.

POEMS ON THE TIMES OF PHILIP II.

Of these Poems some notice has been taken in the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 8, *sqq*. To Gongora's "Song of Lepanto" we have subjoined a sonnet on the same subject by Fernando de Herrera, whose Ode on the great Battle is justly reputed one of the finest lyrical compositions in the Spanish language.

Herrera enjoyed a high reputation as a poet, and was called by his countrymen "the divine Herrera." His Sonnets and Odes, said Lope de Vega, are an embodied Art of Poetry. Little however is known of his personal history. He was probably an Andalusian by birth: he entered into holy orders, and became parish-priest of St. Andrew's Church in Seville, where he died about the close of the sixteenth century.

"Juan Rufo."

Juan Rufo Gutierrez was a Jurado, or Grand-Juryman, of Cordova, where he was born about A.D. 1547. He had accompanied Don John of Austria on many of his public services; and

it is said that it was at Don John's command that he wrote "the Austriad," a poem which occupied him for ten years, and was first printed in Madrid in 1584. Cervantes addressed a Sonnet to the author, which is fully as complimentary as Gongora's. Later judgments however have not helped to sustain this praise. See Navarrete, Vida de Cervantes, Illustrac. sec. 140.

"ALVAR BAZAN."

See the Essay, sec. 11. His name was permanently famous in Spain. Michael Gandara, in the last century, giving his advice about the marine of Spain, adds the words, "Let us only have some Alvar Bazan to command." This was when they thought of recovering Gibraltar.

"THE COUNT OF FUENTES."

Pedro Henriquez, Count of Fuentes, was distinguished as a brave and successful Governor and Commander of the Spanish Netherlands in the latter part of the reign of Philip II., particularly in the winning of Cambray from the French, Oct. 8, 1595. He was afterwards for several years, and under Philip III., Governor of Milan, where he died with an unimpaired reputation, July 22, 1610. He did a little to vindicate the good discipline of his troops. His soldiers having taken prisoner the Duke de Villars, a French General, fell into a dispute as to whom the prize should belong, and the Duke's life was sacrificed. One of them having cut off a finger from the dead man's hand to possess himself of a diamond ring which he wore, the Count of Fuentes, for this barbarous indignity, condemned him to lose his life. (Miñana, B. x. c. 6.) Some miserable Portuguese in London, who had conspired to destroy Queen Elizabeth by poison, accused the Count of Fuentes as having fostered their design. (Bacon's

account of Lopez's Treason.) The charge is repugnant to the Count's proved magnanimity, and ought not to be credited without better evidence. See Essay, sec. 12.

"THE ARMADA."

Mr. Motley, whose heroes are too exclusively Dutch, seems to over-estimate the danger to England, and the terror inspired by this ill-contrived and ill-conducted expedition. It must be for other enquirers to determine.

"THE WINNING OF CALES."

This Sonnet of Cervantes, first published by Pellicer in his Life of the Poet, p. lxxx., is a curious illustration of the genial rude old English ballad, called "The Winning of Cales," published in Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. 229. The reader may judge from both, with what truth Miñana says that "the Duke of Medina Sidonia promptly drew together a force of cavalry, occupied the bridge which unites the isle of Cadiz to the continent, and drove back the enemy with great vigour." Philip II., however, wrote the Duke a letter, thanking him for the zeal which he had shown after the English had taken their departure. Navarrete, Vida de Cervantes, Illustrac. p. 446.

"CABRERA."

Of Lewis Cabrera, and his History of Philip II., and his lately edited "Journal of the Court of Spain from 1599 to 1614," many notices will be found in the Hist. and Crit. Essay. One would suppose, that this industrious and able writer in his later years became celebrated as a kind of "Paul's walker" or gossip of the Court, if one may judge from one of the unpublished effu-

sions of Villamediana. It is in the shape of an Epitaph on Don Baltasar Ribera, of whom we can find no other literary notice:

"Here lies, to walk and talk no more,
Don Baltasar Ribera,
Interr'd by his Executor
Don Lewis of Cabrera.

"The tongue, that ne'er was still before,
Now motionless and mute
Is tied by Death, grim conqueror,
No other power could do't.

"It was a pious deed, we own,
To give him honour'd rest;
But haply by Cabrera done
In pure self-interest.

"For now the talker's place is his,
No rival near can come:
Sweet Mercy, grant the dead Heaven's bliss,
But strike the living dumb."

"SONNETS ON THE TIMES OF PHILIP III."

The events and characters referred to in these Historical Sonnets will be found generally noticed in the Hist. and Crit. Essay. The Embassy of Lord Howard, and his Reception at Valladolid, sec. 17-24. The Embassy of the Duke of Mayenne, sec. 32. Hortensio Paravicino, sec. 118-121.

"Juan de Acuña" was one of the Presidents of the Council of Castille, who is said by Cabrera to have been a strict and zealous

judge. "Christobal de Mora" was a Portuguese statesman, in great credit with Philip II., and not out of favour in the following reign. Gongora's sonnet is a play upon his name, *Mora*, a mulberry tree.

Of "Larache" and "Mamora" some account has been given in the Hist. and Crit. Pref. sec. 38. The sonnet which follows, on the Auto de la Fe at Granada, is of no merit, but is given as a melancholy proof how the system of the Inquisition affected the moral sense of one who was otherwise a generous and benevolent man.

"On the Death of Henry IV. of France," see Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 83.

"The Cardinal Infant Ferdinand" was made a Cardinal, and Administrator of the See of Toledo after the death of Archbishop Sandoval, when he was only eleven years of age. He died in 1641, aged about thirty-four. Olivares, or some of his friends, seem to have inspired him with an ardour for military glory; and he employed himself in the Thirty Years' War, having a share in the victory of the Imperialists at Nordlingen, September 6, 1634. So he appears in paintings as a warrior.

"The Count of Lemos." Of this distinguished patron of letters it is scarcely necessary to add any thing to the notice in the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 90. His name will be familiar to the readers of the Life of Cervantes; and is gracefully associated with that of Cardinal Sandoval by Navarrete in his Biography, sec. 180. There is a singular identity between the first line of this sonnet of Gongora's, and Milton's to Sir Henry Vane.

"ODE ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP III."

This short Ode is a pleasing tribute to the memory of the pious monarch. Of the preceding sonnets, the first mentions the forts on the southern coast of Spain; of which see Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 40, 41. The second, describing the wax candle, is perhaps as good a specimen of "the new style," as the sonnet to Dr. Bavia, which has been so much in the way of the critics, as noticed, ibid. sec. 144.

"POEMS ON RODRIGO CALDERON."

The "Stanzas addressed to him before his Fall" have been much noticed by his countrymen. They are rather remarkable, as proving at once the sagacity and friendly interest of the poet in the unfortunate statesman. Salcedo Coronel says that Gongora was placed in some temporary restraint for having written them. If so, it is plain that it did not influence his sense of duty to the man afterwards. The Sonnets on his Death are striking and solemn; as also is Villamediana's hitherto unpublished ballad, which may be compared with one on Alvar de Luna at a later page.

"VILLAMEDIANA."

The reader is referred to the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 110-117, for an account of this unhappy and ill-conducted nobleman. He who wrote the complimentary Sonnet to the Duke of Lerma, which is here translated, afterwards wrote of him in words that might envenom the nature of Malice itself. "Cervantes," says Adolfo de Castro, "was far unlike the Count of Villamediana, who did not even respect the fallen; for on the very day on which

the Duke of Lerma fell from power, and put on the Cardinal's purple, he stuck up a pasquin in the streets of Madrid, with these verses: —

"Para no morir ahorcado,
El mayor ladron de España
Se vistió de colorado.

To die unhang'd and in his bed,
Spain's greatest thief
And robber-chief
Puts on a dress of bloody red."

This is only a slight sample of what appears in the unpublished MS.

The sonnet entitled "Philip IV. at Council," gives an amusing picture of the *nonchalance* of the boyish sovereign, when his dominions were imperilled in all quarters. Our historians are generally silent about the capture of Ormuz in 1622, when Shah Abbas was assisted by six English vessels. At the time it was regarded, perhaps justly, as a loss of a bright gem from the Spanish crown. See Sir Thomas Herbert's Travels. As to the daughter of the Count-Duke, and her marriage, it forms the subject of a chapter in Le Sage. Gil Blas, lib. xi. c. 9.

The "Rhymes on the Ministry of Olivares" exhibit rather more bitterly the mind of Villamediana, when the Count-Duke did not answer his expectations. The president was a good old man, Francisco de Contreras, who had unwillingly taken the high office in obedience to the king's repeated command, when he was now in his seventy-eighth year. The confessor was Friar Antonio de Sotomayor, a Dominican.

"GONGORA'S LINES ON VILLAMEDIANA'S DEATH."

These have been already noticed in the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 115.

"POEMS ON THE POET'S PRIVATE HISTORY."

Many of these Poems are on subjects interwoven with the Hist. and Crit. Essay. The third sonnet, entitled "Primero," alludes to a game, familiar to the readers of Shakspeare, in fashion before the days of Ombre or Whist. "I never prospered," says poor Falstaff in an hour of distress, "since I foreswore myself at Primero." It is scarcely necessary to describe the game particularly, the general application of it in the sonnet being evident enough. The eighth and ninth give specimens of the poet's way of dealing with the minor miseries of life. By the eighth it seems that a friend had agreed to share with him the expenses of a journey from Valladolid to Cordova; but, forgetting his appointment, left the poet, who was waiting in miserable lodgings, to pay for the mules which he had hired twenty days before. The ninth more easily explains itself. The proverb at the end is a Spanish variation of *Fortuna favet fatuis:* "A bobos se aparece Santa Maria." The twelfth alludes to the death of Rodrigo Calderon, Villamediana, and the Count of Lemos, in a tone of deep feeling, when time had now softened his reflections on the most unhappy of the three.

"PROLOGUE, TO DIEGO MARDONES."

In this poem Gongora alludes to Salas Barbadillo, a writer who may be compared to Scarron, or our facetious Tom Brown. He survived our poet a few years, and died about 1634. It would seem from this mention of him, that, like other bankrupt wits, he took refuge at last among the Friars.

"SONNETS TO BISHOPS."

Sancho Davila, Bishop of Jaen, to whom one of these sonnets is addressed, was a man of high character as a divine and scholar, as well as a pious and charitable prelate. He had been a Professor at Salamanca, and was in early life one of the Father Confessors of St. Teresa, who addressed some of her Epistles to him. He was of noble extraction, being a kinsman of the Marquis of Veladà. He held other sees besides Jaen successively, and died at an advanced age in 1625.

Of Antonio Venegas, for whom Gongora seems to have entertained a great respect, we have found very few historical notices. He was nominated to the bishopric of Pamplona in 1605, and was subsequently translated to Jaen, and thence to Siguenza. Some of the editions inscribe all the three first sonnets to him. The first, inviting him to a bull-fight, is essentially Spanish: but then these were days when his English contemporary Archbishop Abbot went deer-stalking, and shot the keeper by mistake instead of a stag. The other two are strikingly pleasing, and give a picture of a bishop's home suitable to any country. The palace-garden might be a picture of Wells.

"NIÑO DE GUEVARA, ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE."

He was also a Cardinal, and, in the first years of Philip III., Inquisitor General; but was deprived, at the instance of the Court of Rome, apparently from some offence which he had given to the Jesuits. Llorente, cap. xxxvii. When he retired to Seville in the winter of 1601, he was honourably received, and continued to govern his church with honour.

"THE MARQUIS OF AYAMONTE."

See the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 122. Don Francisco de Guzman y Zuñiga, the third Marquis of Ayamonte, was a nobleman "much given to literature, and well practised in all kinds of literary studies," as Lopez de Haro witnesses of him. Nobiliario ii. 383. Besides Gongora, his praises were celebrated by another poet of the time, Christopher de Mesa, in a poem on St. James of Spain.

In the second of these sonnets, addressed to the Marchioness, the poet makes her a present of some Bezoar Stones. The virtue of these stones was a part of medical belief in those days in our own country as well as in Spain. "How many poor sufferers are there in hospitals," says Dr. Donne, "to whom ordinary porridge would be julep enough, and the refuse of our servants *bezoar* enough!" Devotions in Sickness, p. 156, Lond. 1624. The fullest account of them is given in a Treatise by Dr. Nicolas Monardes, a physician of Seville, printed, with other medical treatises, in 1574. An account, however, may be found in the Encyclopedias.

"JUAN DE VILLEGAS."

He appears to have been land-steward, or governor of the estate of Luque, the owner of which, Don Egas de Venegas de Cordova, was made a Count in 1624 by Philip IV. The sonnet is gratefully characteristic.

"GARCILASO."

The Notes on Garcilaso by Thomas Tamayo de Vargas have not preserved the reputation which Gongora seems to have predicted as their due. This gentleman wrote a great number of

historical and classical works, of which a long list is given by Nic. Antonio, and by Madoz, Dicc. Geogr. x. 1120. "We all know," says Gregorio Mayans, "how passionately fond this distinguished Toledan was of the lying old Chronicles," Dexter, Maximus, and the rest; "therefore what he wrote to defend them is as well left in the dust of old libraries." Pref. to Mondejar's Obras Chronolog. 1744. The old family mansion of the Vargas family in Toledo, to which Gongora alludes, was built by Diego de Vargas, a Secretary of State in the time of Philip II., in a fine situation, commanding a noble prospect of the Tagus and the hills through which it makes its winding way.

As to Garcilaso himself, it would be rash to oppose the general estimate held in Spain of "the prince of Castillian poets;" and none who have studied his verse will deny him the praise of admirable ease and grace of expression, and musical harmony of numbers. His lines have become part of the poetical staple of his country. Gongora often speaks in phrases borrowed from him. But he is such a poet as Virgil might have been had he only written the Eclogues. The sweetness of the nightingale would be little worth without its thrilling power. The character of his poems is like that of Carlo Dolce's paintings, or what Michael Angelo said of oil-painting in general, that it was an art to please only women and children. Still, it is a wonder that a young man, who died from a wound in battle at the early age of thirty-three, and whose life was spent in continual military service, should have acquired such a cultivated taste, such familiar knowledge of classical and Italian poets, and such a finished style, as to become a model to all succeeding writers of Castillian verse.

"SONNET TO FRANCISCO QUEVEDO."

Quintana speaks of this sonnet as if it had been addressed to Villegas; of whom see Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 134. But in

the earliest edition of Gongora's Poems, that of Vicuña, it is distinctly entitled, "To Don Francisco de Quevedo, who chose to translate a Greek book which he did not understand." Both Villegas and Quevedo tried to translate Anacreon; but, even without the title, the allusion to the spectacles is enough to decide that the sonnet was meant for Quevedo; and so Coronel evidently understood it. Quevedo was very short-sighted; and the spectacles on his nose, which appear in all portraits of this strange humorist, were so prominent a feature in his face that they could not be omitted.

This and the two following sonnets are the only published poems of Gongora, in which we have found any allusion to Lope de Vega. Others are preserved, as we have mentioned, in the Turner MS. Navarrete, Vida de Cervantes, p. 470, speaks of another, still unpublished, beginning with the line,

"Hermano Lope; borrame el soneto.
Good brother Lope, strike me out that sonnet."

If it is in answer to Lope's sonnet, given in the preceding Essay, sec. 135, there may be some excuse for it, even if the tone is not the most courteous.

"SONNET ON LOPE DE VEGA'S DRAGONTEA."

If Gongora did not much admire this strange production of ill-regulated wit, it is a judgment which most critical readers will confirm. If Lope regarded Drake only as a hardy buccaneer, still there is a line which he might have heard of in his classical studies,

"No holy joy is theirs, who mock the dead."

There can scarcely be found any composition uniting together so much profane insult with unseasoned pleasantry. See a very just

account of this poem, by one who is otherwise a friendly censor, Mr. Ticknor's Spanish Literature, ii. 132.

The following sonnet, addressed "to the Admirers of Lope de Vega," was probably written many years later, when he found these admirers, somewhat prompted by their chief, disposed to assail what they called "the new poetry." This indeed is evident from the language of the sonnet itself: it was evidently provoked in self-defence.

"BALLADS AND ROMANCES."

The two first of these ballads are Gongora's. The third is more ancient, perhaps not much later than the time of Peter the Cruel, whom it celebrates. That on the Death of Alvar de Luna is from Sepulveda. "The Student of Cordova," a characteristic Spanish Tale of Wonder, we have taken from Duran's Collection. "The Grief of the Moriscoes" is of course by one of those unlettered wits, *ingenios legos*, as Gongora might have called them, who may be found on all occasions. The juxtaposition of these different ballads may illustrate the refinements introduced on the rude old style by writers of the school of Gongora.

"POEMS ON THE CHURCH HISTORY OF SPAIN."

The three first of these poems are all noticed in the Hist. and Crit. Essay: "St. Hermengild," sec. 9. "St. Teresa," sec. 71. "The Vision of St. Ildefonso," sec. 149.

"St. Francis Borgia" was maternal grandfather to the Duke of Lerma.

Alfonso Tostado, mentioned in the Lines on St. Teresa, was a learned and laborious prelate of the same age as Thomas a Kempis. He died Bishop of Avila, A.D. 1454.

"POEMS OF FANCY AND THE AFFECTIONS."

Of the poems arranged together under this title, the longest, "Granada," has a short prefatory notice. The "Guitar-Song, sung to Mary de Medicis," has been mentioned in the Essay, sec. 27.

Among the sonnets in this division, that in praise of "Andalusia" speaks of the Spanish Game of the *Sortija*, or Riding at the Ring. This game, as well as the *Estafermo*, or Quintain, was then familiar to both nations. Charles, on his visit to the Court of Spain, was soon distinguished by his skill in running at the ring, carrying it off at the first course, amidst the acclamations of the Spaniards. Annals of K. James, p. 75; 1681. Ben Jonson speaks of him as an adept at the exercise, in his Ode on Henrietta Maria's Birthday, 1630:

> "See, see, our active King
> Hath taken twice the ring
> Upon his pointed lance:
> While all the ravish'd rout
> Do mingle in a shout,
> Hey for the Flower of France!"

The seventh of these sonnets was evidently suggested by Garcilaso's twenty-third: "En tanto que de rosa y azucena." Gongora has one or two other sonnets closely resembling this; perhaps he varied it in different copies.

Several of the sonnets in this class are imitated from earlier Italian poets. "The Mirror in the Brook" is an improvement of one of Bernardo Tasso's: "O puro, O dolce, O fiumicel de argento." "Jealousy" is also an improvement of Sanazzaro. The twenty-fourth is a close imitation of one of Torquato Tasso's

in the First Part of his Rimas: "Ben veggio avinta al lido ornata nave." Of the twenty-sixth it is scarcely necessary to remark that it is not unlike the fifteenth of Petrarch's, in which the Italian poet "rassomiglia se stesso alla farfalla."

"SONNET BY FRANCISCO DE TORRE."

This sonnet is added, because it does not seem to have been previously observed that it is almost identical with Spenser's eighty-first among those entitled "Amoretti." It might be of some weight in determining the controversy about the name of Francisco de la Torre, whom some Spanish critics suppose to have been a contemporary of Garcilaso, others that he is no more than a name, the poems being actually written by Quevedo. It is not easy to believe that Quevedo was the author of poems so unlike his own, nor that he should have imitated Spenser. Nor again, that Spenser should have imitated Francisco de la Torre. Possibly both may have followed some Italian poet.

"POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOUR."

"WHAT MAY BE, AND WHAT CANNOT BE."

This odd string of moral possibilities and impossibilities is an established favourite in Spain. It is translated with a few unimportant omissions, as are many of the following poems.

"ADVICE TO MOORISH BALLAD-MONGERS."

The reader should be apprised that the compiler of Mr. Turner's MS. rejects this poem from among Gongora's, and

says, with a merry allusion to the *Auto de la Fe* perpetrated on Don Quixote's Library, "Good housekeeper, throw it even beyond the court-wall." It does not appear on what evidence he rejects it. It is true that Gongora himself wrote ballads on Moorish subjects, but hardly such as those which the author of this poem condemns. And Gongora seems in another ballad, where he describes the love-making of a Morisco gardener, to ridicule the Cavaleresque Moorish ditties: *Triste pisa y afligido:*

"He was a Moor of low degree,
Unknown to poets of this time,
Of Merchant Tailors' Company,
Who stitch but cannot write a rhyme."

Whoever wrote it, the poem is a sensible protest against mawkish affected tales in verse, like that in Ben Jonson's "New Inn," with a patriotic moral.

"Did you e'er know or hear of the lord Beaufort,
Who served so bravely in France? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend; I follow'd him
First in the wars, and in the times of peace
I waited on his studies; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights o' the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primaleons, Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison Courts and infect manners:
But great Achilles, Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his heroic phantasy. . . . These he brought
To practice and to use. He gave me breeding:

Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of Heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men."

"THE FLOOD ON THE TAGUS."

This was probably written in the winter of 1603-4, a time of destructive floods on the great rivers of Spain. Cabrera mentions the damage done by the Tagus at Aranjuez. Rel. p. 206.

SONNETS.

"RIDING TO THE TOURNAMENT."

GONGORA may have had in mind the accident which befel Pharnuches, one of the commanders of the Persian horse in the expedition of Xerxes. "Pharnuches," says Herodotus, "was left behind at Sardis in consequence of an unwelcome accident. For as he was riding, a dog ran suddenly between his horse's legs; and his horse reared upright and threw him." The fall was the cause of death to Pharnuches. But the vengeance which his servants by his order executed on the horse, was such as, it may be hoped, no Castillian gentleman would have authorized, only befitting a proud Pagan. Herod. vii. 88.

"THE FLOOD ON THE MANZANARES."

The Spanish poets often amuse themselves with jests on the scanty and uncertain flow of the river of Madrid; as Gongora does in another poem:

"O Manzanares, if young ducks
In spring-tide might be title-givers,
With joy they'd style thee Duke of Brooks,
And Viscount of the shining Rivers."

Tirso de Molina says it kept its terms as they do at the universities, "a course in winter, and a long vacation in summer."

"HARD FARE AT CUENCA."

All this drollery seems to have been elicited by a lady's having given the poet a dry biscuit, when he called at her house, for lack of better fare.

"PEDRO DE ANGULO'S BULL."

The last line in the original is a pun upon the name of one Pedro Manso, Anglicé Peter *Mildways*, who was President of the Council of Castille from 1608 to 1610. Not being able to accomplish a literal translation, we have substituted the chairman of a court where justice is usually administered in a mild form. Experti loquimur.

"INSCRIPTION ON DON PASCAL, BISHOP OF CORDOVA."

This inscription is still to be seen on the wall on the north side of the altar in the Cathedral of Cordova:

"Hospes, ne properato,
Sistito, legito,
Saxum rogat.
D. D. Pascalis, hujus eclesiæ episcopus et benefactor
Hic situs est.
Hoc volebam: I, licet."

"HERO AND LEANDER."

——"at some feast of Bel or Dagon."

In the original there here follow two stanzas, in which the poet goes out of his way to attack the "Leandro" of Boscan, which Mr. Ticknor thinks to have been the earliest Spanish poem written in blank verse:

"Whether my hero rode or ran,
Or went alone, or well-attended,
Read, if you will, in John Boscan;
Long tale he'll make, before 't is ended.

"For my part, let my words be frank,
I'd count it of heaven's greater mercies
To meet a wild bull loose, point-blank,
Than one of Boscan's loose blank verses."

Boscan was a gentleman of Barcelona, where he appears to have been born about the latter part of the fifteenth century. He died about A.D. 1543. He was the friend and coeval of Garcilaso, and, like him, was one who applied himself to reform the poetry of his country on the Italian model. A favourable account of him may be found in Mr. Ticknor's Hist. of Spanish Literature, Second Period, chap. ii.

"On the basis of Musæus, and following the example of Bernardo Tasso," says Mr. Ticknor, "he wrote in blank verse a tale of Hero and Leander, nearly three-thousand lines long, which may still be read with pleasure for the gentle and sweet passages it contains." "Gongora," he says, "in a burlesque ballad, has made himself merry at the expense of Boscan's Leandro; but he has taken the same freedom with better things."

The present writer cannot say he has attempted to read more than twenty lines of Boscan's Leandro; not that he fled from the rest as he would from a wild bull; for he found it only too tame and spiritless. It is, as might be expected, a mawkish and diluted performance. A reader cannot easily surrender himself to a love idyll of three hundred lines, much less of three thousand.

Boscan was a man of some taste and skill in the use of his native language; he wrote, as Garcilaso says of him, without affectation, and without becoming dry and poor; but without giving many proofs either of judgment or genius. "He ventured to wear the jewels of Ausias March, and Petrarch," says Herrera, "but he wore them in his own ill-made clothes." Later critics have tried to modify this censure; but it is not far from the truth.

"POLYPHEME." Stanza 31.

"The youth beneath the mass, such weight it bore,
Found not an urn, but cumbrous monument."

Like Cowley's description of the stone with which he supposes Cain to have slain Abel:

"I saw him fling the stone, as though he meant
At once his murther and his monument."

"ELEGIAC SONNETS."

Of these sonnets the three first are presented in the Original to the Spanish reader without any title or inscription. The fourth also is without any explanation of the occasion which gave birth to it: but it must have been written by Gongora on the death of some fair boy in the prime of youth. The fifth and sixth are probably some of the latest which he wrote.

The seventh, and the five following, have their proper titles.

Queen Margaret died in her twenty-seventh year, Oct. 3, 1611. Archbishop Sandoval, as elsewhere mentioned, Dec. 9, 1619. Allusion is made in the ninth sonnet to the Capilla del Sagrario at his Cathedral, of which he was the builder. The allusion to his family arms at the close is something of a conceit.

Of the painter, El Greco, honoured in the tenth of these sonnets, see Sir Edm. Head's Spanish School of Painting, p. 80-83.

The Duchess of Lerma, Catharine, daughter of Juan de la Cerda, fourth Duke of Medina Celi, died June 2, 1603. Of the family of the Duke of Feria, and his children, mentioned in the twelfth sonnet, an account may be found in Lopez de Haro. The Duke, Don Gomez de Figueroa, a man of some note as a statesman and commander, had married, in 1606, Francisca de Cordova, a daughter of the Duke of Sesa. They had three daughters, who all died in childhood, before the birth of a son and heir in 1616. Gongora speaks of the Duke as if he had been a poet; and Sedano includes his name among the poets of his list.

"SACRED POEMS."

The fourth of the five sacred sonnets is of a kind which was a favourite one with the Spaniards, especially on sacred subjects, the Poetical Gloss, writing several sonnets or stanzas in amplification of the original stanza or sonnet, one on each line. It is a little exercise of ingenuity, but not often of higher value. The fifth sonnet, "on the Holy Sacrament," is much in the spirit of a martyred Archbishop of our own: "While the world disputes, I believe." The compiler of Mr. Turner's MS., however, doubts whether it is from the pen of Gongora, and it does not appear in Coronel.

On the Sacred Carols, see the concluding section of the Essay.

As companions to these sacred poems, we have added two pieces from Lewis de Leon, and two from Calderon. "The Starry Night" is well known to the Dean of Westminster and other discerning English critics. It is as great a favourite with persons of religious taste and feeling in Spain, as Gray's Elegy in this country. See an interesting volume of modern Spanish Ecclesiastical Biography, Vida de Don Felix Amat, Madr. 1835, sec. 277. The "Lines on the Ascension" have been in part translated by Mr. Ticknor; but we have added four stanzas, which appear to be from the same hand, as they are printed in Merino's edition, Madr. 1816, p. 42.

The two selected from Calderon are to be found in his "Autos Sacramentales," vol. iv.: "Sin's Triumph," in the "Hidalga del Valle," near the beginning, p. 107: "Grace Restored," in the "Valle de la Zarzuela," p. 55; repeated in the "Jardin de Falerina," vol. v. 192, with a slight alteration. These are offered to the Christian reader with more confidence, as they have received the private approval of one whom the Translator gratefully enrols among his friends, the poet of the "Christian Year."

THE END.

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